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TURKEY.

IT is natural that the Herzegovina insurgents and their sympathizing guests should complain bitterly both of the diplomatic inaction and of the alleged intervention of the European Governments. It would have been easy to provoke a declaration of war against Turkey on the part both of Serbia and Montenegro; and, although both provinces united with the Christian population of Herzegovina are far inferior in resources to Turkey, the immediate chances would have been favourable to the combination. The Servian militia is probably worthless for the purposes of a regular campaign; and the Montenegrins, though they are soldiers by tradition and habit, are few in number. If the combined forces had overrun the disturbed districts, the Mahometan inhabitants would probably have been driven out or massacred, leaving a heavy debt of vengeance to be discharged as soon as the Porte had time to develop its forces. If the insurgent leaders have any acquaintance with the policy of the different Governments, they cannot have expected encouragement from England. The postponement of the ruinous anarchy which would probably ensue from a civil war in Turkey has long appeared to English statesmen as the least undesirable of alternatives which are confessedly gloomy. The efforts which have been made to correct the misgovernment of Turkey have not been highly successful; but no good result can be expected from an abrupt discontinuance of the experiment. Lord DERBY'S language at Liverpool must have dispelled any illusions which may have prevailed as to the intentions of his Government. It would have been culpable to foster the hopes of the insurgents in the absence of any design of rendering them assistance. The diplomatic support which Russia has afforded to the Porte is less intelligible than the consistent policy of England. On former occasions the Russian Government has voluntarily and ostentatiously assumed the patronage of the Christian population which is now exhorted to rely exclusively on the benevolence of the Porte. The reserve of the Emperor ALEXANDER and his Ministers seems to have stimulated the popular sympathy with the insurgents, while it has provoked the malcontents of Bohemia and other Slavonic districts into a disclosure of their own former treasonable intrigues with a Russian Ambassador at Vienna. Whatever may be the motives of the policy of Russia, the restraint which has been imposed on Montenegro, and perhaps on Serbia, will have diminished the difficulty of re-establishing peace.

The hesitation and apparent inconsistency of the Austrian Government may perhaps be attributed to divided counsels, or to the sympathies of the Croatian aristocracy for a kindred population. No prudent Austrian statesman can have wished either for the acquisition of a Turkish province or for the establishment of a new Slavonic Principality in the neighbourhood of the frontier. The Minister who directs the foreign policy of the monarchy is a Hungarian, sharing probably the feelings of his countrymen, who are more jealous of the Slavonic race than of the Turks. It has perhaps been impossible to restrain the good will of the inhabitants of Dalmatia to the insurgents in Herzegovina, but it is now fully understood that the rebellion receives no countenance at Vienna or at Pesth. Germany, taking no active part in the affair, has contented itself with a professed desire to co-operate at the same time with both the other Imperial Courts. Any antagonism which may exist between Austria and Russia has not been publicly avowed. Soon

after the commencement of the insurrection, which at that time was supposed to be regarded by Austria with tolerance or favour, it was announced that the whole of the Russian cavalry and horse artillery had been mobilized or placed on a war footing. It was afterwards officially explained that the measure relates only to details of military organization, and it is not certainly known whether a menace to Austria had been intended. The annexation by Austria of any portion of Turkish territory would be distasteful to Russia; nor would a rival influence in Serbia and Montenegro be contemplated with equanimity. On the whole, the European Powers have for various reasons agreed in discouraging the insurrection. The well-meant mission of the Consular agents to Herzegovina has hitherto produced no definite result. The Porte must be well aware of the danger which may result from a prolongation of resistance; but thus far the Turkish troops, though they may be victorious in the field, have not yet been able to suppress the rebellion; and promises of administrative reform are met with an incredulity which is perhaps reasonable.

While Russia and Austria are more immediately concerned than other States in the political troubles of Turkey, the Foreign Offices of England, France, and Italy are beset with applications for interference on behalf of the creditors of the Porte. The decree by which payment of half the interest on the debt has been suspended, with little prospect of resumption, has been inaccurately, though not unnaturally, described as repudiation. A bankrupt who offers a composition of ten shillings in the pound acknowledges instead of repudiating the obligation which he is unable to discharge. The Turkish Government has never disputed its liability, though it avows its partial insolvency. It had for some time past been known that interest was paid out of the principal of subsequent loans; and prudent financiers foresaw the inevitable cessation of payment, though not the moment at which it might be announced. A confessed deficiency of five millions, which is probably understated, compelled the Turkish Government to declare itself in default. There were grave political disadvantages in provoking dissatisfaction and ill will throughout Europe at the moment when it was most desirable to secure general confidence; but a Government which had lately paid 18 per cent. on temporary advances of money was no longer in a position to exercise a choice. At the same time it was found necessary to abolish certain percentages which had of late years been added to the taxes, and to remit arrears which it was probably impossible to recover. Official statements made immediately before the declaration of insolvency, with a view to obviate suspicion, may or may not have been included within the elastic limits of the morality of Governments contemplating bankruptcy. The indignation of the holders of Turkish securities must have been foreseen; but there was no immediate danger to be apprehended from their resentment, unless their respective Governments undertook the enforcement of the claims of their subjects. As a general rule, creditors are supposed to rely on their own judgment of the good faith and solvency of borrowing Governments. Lord PALMERSTON was in the habit of reserving a right of interference, but it has never been exercised in recent times by himself or his successors.

The looseness of the analogy between municipal and international law is exemplified in the controversies which have been caused by the financial decree of the Porte. A

so-called act of bankruptcy, when it is committed by a sovereign Government, is exempt from the jurisdiction of tribunals which enforce equitable rules on private debtors, and adjust the conflicting claims of creditors. Courts of Bankruptcy are not in the habit of mixing up mortgages with simple contract debts. The *Porte*, on the other hand, has simultaneously mulcted all classes of bondholders in the same proportion of their dividends. A strong case has been set up in favour of the holders of the loan of 1854, who advanced their money on a formal assurance by the Foreign Ministers of England and France that the assignment of the Egyptian tribute as security for the loan was properly authorized and valid. The argument is strengthened by the statement that the market prices of different Turkish stocks varied with the several terms of contract between 40 and 90 per cent. It follows that the loss of some of the creditors under the decree is more than double that of less cautious, and therefore less meritorious, sufferers. The declarations of Lord CLARENDON and M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS seem to establish a plausible claim for official remonstrance with the *Porte* against the diversion of the stipulated security to other purposes; but for the present Lord DERBY has neither promised nor refused diplomatic interference. The French Government has taken the precaution of delivering a protest which may serve, if necessary, as a starting point for future action. Both Governments are perhaps waiting to ascertain the views and intentions of the various classes of bondholders. It is probable that many of the creditors are interested in more than one loan, and that they may have difficulty in estimating the comparative advantages of pressure or concession. It may be confidently asserted that the Governments will interfere, if at all, only on behalf of secured creditors who had trusted official statements; and, if the interest on one or more of the loans is paid in full, the remainder may anticipate a further deduction from their dividends. No force can extract from Turkey more than it has the means of paying.

SPEECHES IN THE COUNTRY.

THE flow of speeches delivered by members of Parliament to their constituents or admirers glides on with the customary dulness of the autumn months. The topics handled in most of the speeches made this week have not been exciting, and at a time when there is little or no excitement this must be so. Education furnishes a constant and a safe theme, for every one is in favour of education, and loves it, and hopes it will do no harm. Mr. STANSFELD, who is always enthusiastic, looks forward to the happy day when "our juvenile population will study 'hygienic laws.'" If this means that the time will come when little boys and girls will understand the proper system of treating sewage, we cannot hope to live to see this blessed and beautiful state of things, as these happy creatures would be far in advance of the existing race of engineers. Meanwhile Mr. STANSFELD gives the excellent and practical advice not to let ourselves be beaten by the competition of German and Swiss artisans. There ought indeed, according to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, to be really no difficulty about this; for the result of his observation of his countrymen has been, he assures us, to convince him that it is quite an exceptional case when an English man or woman is not gifted with an inborn artistic taste. The shyness of the English may have tempted them to conceal from most eyes the secret possession of this inestimable gift; and it is an inspiring and novel thought to reflect that we are moving among a population of millions of heaven-born artists. Few parents will believe that their own children could master the problems of sewage and contagion, or have an instinctive taste for design; but each parent must be content to believe that he is blinded to the gifts of his offspring by that power of concealment which English children undoubtedly inherit if they all come into the world with an aptitude for understanding hygienic laws, and with a taste for correct art. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was on ground where his convictions will awaken less doubt when he explained the principles on which he had founded his Friendly Societies Act of last Session. His exposition was given in reply to an address from a Society of Foresters, and the Secretary of the Society, in presenting the address, took occasion to observe that the Act was a very tame affair, and did not go nearly far enough. It may be assumed that the particular Society which addressed the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER

was one founded on sound principles, and equally willing and able to show that its position would stand the test of the closest investigation. Both philanthropy and the desire to increase the sphere of its operations prompt the officials of such a Society to view with extreme disfavour the numerous rotten little institutions which cheat the poor man out of his savings. The real question at issue was whether the State ought to throw any difficulties in the way of those Societies which, whatever may be their name, are in the highest degree unfriendly to the poor. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE replied that, when fraud had been detected in their management, his Bill had provided new facilities for punishing the guilty, but that this was all he would do to hamper the operations of those who like to found or join Societies which, from the principles on which they are based, or from the nature of their management, are sure to end in ruin. That the Government should set up Friendly Societies of its own, or that it should in any way guarantee the solvency of private Societies, was a notion which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could safely discard, as no one entertains it. The Government is going to furnish all the guidance it can by publishing what it believes to be a proper set of tables and a systematic body of information. If Societies like to benefit by this assistance they may, and if they do not, they are free to do as they please. There can be no doubt that this action of the Government may be very beneficial, and gradually perhaps it will become more and more difficult to set up Societies of the old type, in which the members when young drank the funds and when old found themselves penniless. There are, however, a number of Societies which, although on the road to ruin, might still command partial safety by their members being warned of their danger. The debatable point in the Bill of last Session was, whether the members of such Societies should have a warning given them by their accounts being audited by some trustworthy outsider. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE decided that the managers of such Societies should be left to cook their own accounts. He may have been right, but if he had to speak of his Act to a body specially interested in the subject, it would have been desirable that he should have shown a little more conclusively why he was right.

Sir HENRY JAMES had a subject to discuss at Taunton which he was eminently qualified to make interesting. Lord DERBY said at Liverpool that the Slavery Circular of the Admiralty had been issued in accordance with the opinion of the highest legal authority; and if the doctrines on which it was founded are really those which the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL maintains, it was the function of the Attorney-General of the Opposition to criticize them. Mr. HARDY, the son of the SECRETARY for WAR, has indeed given a much humbler account of the matter, and has stated that the Circular was drawn up by an inferior official who did not understand the business, and was signed by a higher official who did not take the trouble to read what he was signing. There is in Mr. HARDY's account of what happened an air of candour, of special knowledge, and of artless unconsciousness of the reflection on the Ministry involved in the confession of such a manner of doing public business, which inspires a belief that his revelation is not far from the truth. It is not improbable that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL may have given an opinion cautiously guarded and limited, on which a rash inferior official may have based propositions which he thought ought to be good law. But, anyhow, the Circular is the Circular of the Ministry, and Sir HENRY JAMES was fully entitled to criticize it. It was easy for him to show that the questions raised by it are of deep and general interest to the country. It is not merely the question whether England is at last to come forward as a friend of slaveholders that is raised. It is also the general question of the claims and obligations of the public vessels of the first of naval nations that is at issue. The portion of the Circular which directed English captains who had picked up slaves from motives of humanity in mid ocean to surrender them to their former masters when they came into any part of the territory where these masters resided, is so wholly indefensible, so egregiously in contradiction to maxims of law universally recognized, that it will bear no discussion, and it is difficult to believe that any Attorney-General can have been found to countenance it. The question as to slaves received on board an English man-of-war in the waters of a friendly Power alone needs to be

examined. As Sir HENRY JAMES pointed out, it is not a question as to the reception of slaves on board such a ship. The captain of a man-of-war is quite at liberty to decline to allow a slave or any one else to come on board his ship. But the Circular stated that, if he did allow a slave to come on board, then, if the slave was claimed, the captain was to inquire whether he really was a slave, and, if so, was to surrender him. He was personally to ascertain the status of slavery, and to give effect to it; he was to send a man out of an English ship because he was a slave, and in order that he might again be treated as a slave. Sir HENRY JAMES contended that this was to abandon the two great principles of English law, that public vessels are always part of the territory of the State to which they belong, and that the surrender to foreign Powers of their subjects can only be made in the cases and under the regulations sanctioned by Act of Parliament. As regards foreign nations it may perhaps be said that the Circular did not necessarily involve the abandonment of the claim of extra-territoriality for public ships in foreign ports. The captain was not to allow the officials of the foreign port to exercise authority in his ship. He himself was to surrender the slave. A nation may claim that its jurisdiction extends to its public ships everywhere, but it may exercise that jurisdiction as it pleases. England may say that it is free to surrender slaves received on board a man-of-war in a foreign port or not to surrender them, exactly as it thinks fit, and that it chooses to surrender them. This would be merely the exercise of choice within legal limits. If this is the defence relied on for the Circular, all that can be said is, that to exercise the free choice of England in this way was to depart suddenly from a settled principle of policy on which England has acted time after time. While slavery existed in the United States we had numerous controversies with the American Government on the subject, and we always insisted that, as we were free to choose in the matter, we chose not to surrender slaves received on board our public vessels in American ports. To abandon this decision, maintained with spirit and resolution by one English statesman after another, and to abandon it suddenly, by wholesale, and as if its abandonment were a mere trifle, was an instance of the most culpable levity, either of the Ministry or of those for whom the Ministry was responsible.

Every Ministry blunders, and it is by its blunders that it generally falls. There is always some one in the wrong place, some one who makes light of great things, some one who does not understand how foolish are the foolish things he does. The management of the navy is now the weak point in the present Government. It is the one conspicuous blot on the Administration. Mr. DISRAELI has often shown great tact and discretion in his choice of men, but he must feel that for once he made a mistake when he pitched upon Mr. WARD HUNT to be First Lord of the Admiralty. The new head of the navy began badly, and has gone on from worse to worse. He commenced his official career with a random speech depreciating the navy altogether, and had to eat his words immediately under the direction of his wiser colleagues. Since then there have followed in rapid succession the issue of this most foolish and impolitic Slavery Circular, the despatch of a fleet of costly ironclads without adequate officers or crews, and the Admiralty Minute, with its injudicious screening of friends, its impotent conclusions, and its illogical propositions. The majority which the Ministry can command is so great that it can, if it pleases, screen Mr. WARD HUNT from the consequences of his blunders. It can vow that everything he has done has been perfect, and its supporters will vote as they are bid. But they will have the uneasy consciousness that they are really voting for the mismanagement of the surest arm of their country's defence; and the country itself is not like a group of Conservative members, but can and will criticize as it pleases. The Opposition have got an opening of which they are quite at liberty to make the most. It is not an opening which will lead them to power, but it is an opening which will enable them to make a successful attack on the Ministry. The Liberals are fast learning their true policy. To raise blazing questions while the country wants rest is to strengthen their opponents. But they may organize themselves into a compact and powerful party by reserving their strength, such as it is, for timely and powerful criticism of the blunders of the Ministry. That they are beginning to feel

the possibility of securing such an organization may be judged from the hearty praise which Mr. BARCLAY, the colleague of Sir HENRY JAMES, bestowed at Taunton on the leadership of Lord HARTINGTON. The Liberals find that they have got a much better leader than they expected. They are beginning to range themselves under Lord HARTINGTON, not merely because he is Lord HARTINGTON, but because he can make his power as a leader felt by friends and foes. This is the first step to the emergence of the party from the abyss into which it had fallen. The second step will be taken when it shows that it can expose and criticize the mistakes of the Ministry, not factiously or unfairly, but on grounds which the country will understand and approve. Fortunately for the Liberals, they seem not likely to be deprived of excellent opportunities. It is not often that the same Minister makes three conspicuous blunders in as many months, and, if he goes on unchecked, they may safely calculate that between now and February Mr. WARD HUNT will do a good deal more to help them.

GERMANY.

LIFE is made up of small things and of great things, and what is true of the lives of ordinary men is conspicuously true of the lives of men so highly placed as the German EMPEROR and his great Minister. After a week's stay in Italy, and the enjoyment of all that cordiality and splendour could do to make his reception there worthy of him, the EMPEROR returns to Germany, and is laid up with an attack which has prevented his being present either at the opening of the German Parliament or at the ceremonial held in honour of STEIN. Prince BISMARCK also has been ill, and his illness was serious enough to keep him at home, and to debar him from the pleasure, or save him the trouble, of going to show himself to the Italians. The slight attack of the EMPEROR is of no political importance, but a German journal has found courage to hint that it is exceedingly inconvenient that whenever Prince BISMARCK is ill, or wishes to seek repose in the country, the business of the Empire comes to a standstill. Whether Prince BISMARCK may be right or wrong in allowing no inferior hand to meddle with his work, it is certain that he has always much on hand to worry him. Building up an Empire and reducing a spiritual power to obedience are not things that can be done by a sudden stroke or once for all. It is only by slow, persistent determination, by patient watching, by trying to solve one small problem after another, that such ends are to be achieved, if they are to be achieved at all. Some such contest as that now being waged in Bavaria between the Empire and a combination of clerical partisans and lay separatists has already shown itself in other districts, and can scarcely fail to reappear from time to time in some quarter of the new Empire. While each contest of this kind is going on there is much for Prince BISMARCK to think of, and the varying circumstances of each case demand appropriate means of meeting the difficulties that arise. For the moment there is quiet in Bavaria, for the KING has had his say, and Parliamentary opposition is made impossible by the prorogation. What is likely to happen, and what must be done, when the Parliament is suffered again to meet, must cost those chiefly concerned many anxious thoughts. But the difficulty is one that may probably be overcome by time and patience. There can scarcely be any fear of a revolution, and even if the KING did what the EMPEROR himself did not many years ago, and collected taxes which the Parliament refused to vote, the opposition that would be excited might be one that would stop short of disobedience or resistance. There is, however, no reason to expect that such a course will be taken. The Bavarian Parliament cannot exercise any great pressure by refusing to vote supplies. It is the Bavarian public, and not the Crown, that would suffer by supplies being withheld, and a public cut short of its money by a Parliament is sure to make its grievances heard.

The speech at the opening of the Session, which the EMPEROR was not well enough to deliver to the German Parliament, dealt chiefly with the large question of the political state of Europe and the prospects of peace. The EMPEROR took occasion to express his conviction that there are now surer guarantees for the existence of peace than there have been for many years. More definitely he says that peace is more assured now than it was at any period of the twenty years which preceded the establishment of

the Empire. This does not seem to be saying much, as those twenty years witnessed the various adventurous schemes of the Emperor of the FRENCH to create by wars, by rumours of wars, by secret alliances and territorial bargains, a special position for himself and his dynasty in France and in Europe. But the Emperor WILLIAM adduces reasons for believing in the continuance of peace which are calculated to produce a considerable impression in Germany. In the first place, he is able to announce that Alsace-Lorraine is gradually accepting the rule of its conquerors. In the next place, his recent visit to Italy has assured him that the Ultramontanes have at present too many and too determined adversaries on their hands to think of giving practical effect to their dreams of a crusade. Lastly, the league of the three EMPERORS, supported, as is politely assumed, or prudently hazarded, by the wishes of their respective peoples, remains in fuller force than ever. It is undeniable that while Russia and Austria unite with Germany in desiring peace there is little chance of the disturbance of the peace of Europe. Whether this implies the reign of peace elsewhere may be another question; and Englishmen cannot help reflecting how very convenient it might be to Russia to persuade Europe that a conflict on her remote Eastern borders with the mistress of INDIA was a purely Asiatic affair, which could be settled without the burning question of the possession of Constantinople being raised. But this is a point in which Germans are not much interested, and the object of the EMPEROR was to awaken the confidence of the Germans in peace, and especially that species of confidence which is necessary to revive the sinking trade and flagging industry of the Empire. His speech was, in fact, a solemn announcement that the famous scare of last May was at most an accidental interruption of a settled policy, and that the timid and the cautious need have no apprehension of its recurrence.

For many years a statue in honour of STEIN has been in course of erection at Berlin, and it has been at last completed, in a large measure through the liberality of the EMPEROR. Next to the great FREDERICK, there is no one whom Prussians and the Royal Family of Prussia may be more proud to honour. STEIN was one of the chief authors of the bold measures by which in 1807 and 1811 the peasants of Prussia were raised from serfs to freemen, the land was freed from feudal distinctions and incumbrances, and the tenant was given a proprietary interest in the soil. This was the beginning of the new life of Prussia and Prussians. Further, to STEIN and his associates Prussia owes the inception of that military organization which led her in triumph to Leipzig and Waterloo, and swept down before it like a broken reed the strength of France in 1870. To the same set of benefactors is due the creation of the Prussian bureaucracy, which, however marked by the inseparable failings of a bureaucracy, has done its work with an enlightenment, a zeal for the public good, an unwearied industry, and an independence of Kings and Ministers, for which it would be very difficult to find a parallel. Lastly, from the same source there also flowed the famous system of Prussian public education. The merits and success of this system have indeed been in recent days much exaggerated, and English travellers, fresh from the glowing pictures of German education invented to rouse the fear or emulation of English audiences, have been surprised to find how little education has really spread among the German poor, and among women of every rank. But it would be totally unjust to deny that Prussia made a great effort, and an effort of a very novel character, in organizing education when education was little thought of in Europe, and that much gratitude and honour are due to those who first led the way on the path of popular instruction. All these claims to the respect and admiration of his countrymen STEIN shared with a small band of colleagues or supporters; but he had himself an exceptional and special title to distinction. He had the honour to provoke the personal hatred of NAPOLEON; and the conqueror of the Continent rarely, if ever, gave a more signal instance of the extent and insolence of his power than when he issued from his camp at Madrid an order that STEIN should be treated as the enemy of France, and be banished from Prussia. The present EMPEROR's father had no choice but to yield, and STEIN went into exile to prepare, with the ardour of public enthusiasm and private indignation, his secret and ultimately successful plans for the downfall of the oppressor of his country and of himself. The piquancy of the contrast between the Berlin from

which STEIN was exiled and the Berlin in which his statue has been set up must have been one of the chief pleasures attending the recent ceremony; and the EMPEROR especially, whose personal memories carry him back to the days of STEIN's exile, must have dwelt with satisfaction on the thought that things are very much altered now, and that, instead of a Prussian Minister being ordered away by a foreign prince into exile, Europe now waits with anxious attention to know whether the rheumatism of a Prussian Minister is a little better or a little worse.

THE NAVY.

IT would be idle to attempt to disguise the fact that the country is at the present moment gravely disturbed with regard to the condition of the Navy, nor can it be said that this anxiety rests upon imaginary grounds. It is desirable, however, that, in place of vague discontent and indiscriminate censure, the lessons of experience should be logically deduced, and that there should be no confusion as to what are the really weak points of our naval administration. It seems, for instance, to be assumed in some quarters that the loss of the *Vanguard* has demonstrated in a decisive manner the futility of an iron-clad fleet, and that the building of such ships ought, therefore, to be given up at once. A very little consideration will show that this conclusion is not supported by the facts. What the loss of the *Vanguard* proved is, not that ironclads are worthless, but that in this instance they were unwisely handled, and also that in some respects they are imperfect in construction. The *Iron Duke* did just what she was intended to do, except that she did it to the wrong ship, and the *Vanguard* only ran those risks which she would have had to encounter from a hostile vessel. It can hardly have been imagined that an ironclad would come off scatheless from the thrust of a powerful ram propelled at the rate of seven knots an hour. The moral of the disaster is simply that ironclads thus armed should be more careful to keep out of each other's way. It is also obvious that there was an oversight in not providing special protection for the engines in such a contingency as ramming; and, further, that the arrangements of the so-called water-tight compartments require improvement in order to render them worthy of the name. These are lessons which, it is to be hoped, will not be overlooked by the Admiralty, but there is certainly no reason for jumping to the conclusion that every expedient has now been exhausted for rendering ironclads, in a general way, unsinkable. That any ship can be made absolutely invulnerable is of course not to be expected; but an ironclad whose engines are properly secured, and whose crew are on the alert to close the compartments effectually, would in action have at least a fair chance, in the first place, of avoiding a thrust by dexterous manœuvring, and, in the next place, of keeping above water, even if pierced, for a sufficient time to ensure safety. It is assumed that so many soldiers will fall or be disabled in every battle; and in former days wooden ships were frequently burnt or knocked to pieces, but this was recognized as one of the hazards of war, and taken accordingly. An opinion has been attributed to Admiral FARRAGUT that sailors cannot be got to fight with spirit in an ironclad, which they liken to a coffin, knowing that, if a hole is made in her side, she must sink; but the obvious remedy for this feeling, if it really exists, is to make water-tight compartments a reality, and it would at least be premature to say that this is beyond the skill of English engineers. Something ought also to be done to raise the position of the engineers on board ship to a level with the serious responsibilities which now rest on them, and to adapt the drill and discipline of ships' companies to the new conditions of navigation.

Although, however, it would be unwise to give up building ironclads altogether, it does not follow that ironclads should all be of one or two stereotyped kinds; and this is the point which now demands consideration. The great difficulty with which the Admiralty has to contend in ship-building is of course that new inventions are continually turning up, and rendering existing vessels more or less obsolete. Guns increase in power, rams and torpedoes are introduced, and these aggressive forces require to be met by new defences. It is no doubt true that the Admiralty cannot afford to spend the money which is voted for the maintenance of a fleet to be ready for immediate use in taking up every novelty that comes out on the assumption

that it will be the best and final type of ship, when it may possibly, or even probably, be superseded in a year or two. At the same time, if the Admiralty turns a cold shoulder to novelties, it may one day find that England has been distanced by a more alert and enterprising rival. The capital error of the Admiralty has been fluctuating from year to year between these two principles. At one time everything is done with an eye to the future; then it is discovered that the existing defences are dangerously weak, and a push is made to bring the actual working navy up to the mark. During the present year the Admiralty has been chiefly engaged in the latter task; next year, it is understood, will be devoted to the other. There is no reason, however, why both these systems should not be carried out simultaneously—no reason save one, and that is that it would probably cost more money at the time, though in the end it would be a genuine economy. Nothing can be more rash and reckless than to allow the navy upon which we have at the present moment to depend to sink into inefficiency, while all efforts are directed towards an ideal perfection in the future. Experiments are troublesome and costly, but they cannot be neglected with impunity. The common-sense course which any reasonable person would take in private life under similar circumstances would be to keep up an adequate provision for every day while at the same time making preparations for the future. It is no doubt desirable that we should have as strong a force of big ironclads as possible, but it is imprudent to concentrate our attention and resources too much on this one branch of the service. In the course of last Session the FIRST LORD intimated that it was intended to construct a couple of turret-ships of the *Inflexible* type, but of considerably less dimensions, at a cost of some 400,000*l.* apiece, as against 521,000*l.* for the *Inflexible*. This would certainly be a good thing in its way, but it may be doubted whether, if the Admiralty lacks courage to ask for a larger vote than usual, it would not in the meantime be a more profitable investment to devote the money needed for one at least of these ships to the building of two or three smaller vessels. This is the policy which was recommended by the Committee of Designs, when they pointed out that, in view of the dangers to which ships, however heavily armoured and armed, and however large, are exposed from torpedoes, rams, and other submarine attacks, the best ships are those of the smallest dimensions consistent with engaging the armour-clad frigates of other nations with a good prospect of success. This principle of combining greater fighting power with smaller dimensions was steadily pursued by Mr. REED when at the Admiralty, and Mr. BRASSEY has suggested that a very efficient ship of war could probably be constructed for 100,000*l.* It may be believed that a number of such ships, fully manned and equipped, would answer our immediate purposes better than one or two of the larger class of ironclads, while their moderate cost would leave a margin for working out new problems.

At this moment Mr. REED opportunely comes forward as a witness of what is being done by other countries. He has been visiting the Black Sea, and has found Nicolaieff, which succeeded Sebastopol as the principal station of the Russian navy in those waters, looking very much as if "destined to become hereafter a much more important place, in a naval sense, than it now is," Sebastopol itself reviving, and important experiments going on in a new class of ironclads of which Admiral POPOFF is in Russia assumed to be the inventor. These are a pair of circular turret-ships, one of which carries 11 inches of armour, and two 28-ton guns, with a displacement of less than 2,500 tons, and a draught of water of less than 13 ft.; and the other, 18 inches of armour, and two 40-ton guns, with even less displacement and draught than the other ship. They are not fast ships, but seem to be easily worked, and Mr. REED thus sums up their good qualities—light draught, great offensive and defensive power, superior handiness, comparative cheapness, and security and comfort for the crews; add to which that the armour may be carried down to the very bottom of the vessel as a protection against torpedoes. Since this account has appeared, the invention of a turret-ship of this form has been claimed on behalf of two of our countrymen, Sir SAMUEL BAKER and the late Mr. JOHN ELDER, who both, it is said, submitted their plans to the English Admiralty, but without receiving any encouragement. Mr. ELDER afterwards took the design to Russia. Whether the invention is really due to Admiral POPOFF, or has been borrowed by him from others, it is

equally discreditable to our naval authorities that they should have allowed themselves to be headed in this way in a race in which they were bound to be foremost. There is still a chance for them, however, if they would work out Mr. ELDER's idea fully, as it is only partially adopted in the Russian vessels. It appears that this idea was that, in addition to carrying heavy armaments and being practically unsinkable, the circular ships should be made to revolve on their centres, and to "go spinning" through a fleet like monster circular saws, cutting every vessel they came into contact with at the water-line "without fear of entanglement, and then impinging on the next vessel, and so on." On another point, too, the Russians appear to be in advance of us, and that is, in the substitution of elastic and comparatively cheap iron docks for the extravagant and inconveniently narrow granite docks still in use in this country. Mr. REED attributes the activity of the Russian navy in a large degree to the fact that it is under the fostering care of the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE, a man of "great natural powers and breadth and depth of knowledge"; and the contrast thus presented to the intellectual calibre of our own Admiralty at the present moment is certainly painful and humiliating. There would be no difficulty in obtaining any amount of money for the purposes of the navy that could reasonably be required, if there were at the head of it a man in whom the country had confidence.

SPANISH PROSPECTS.

THE activity of the Carlists in Guipuzcoa after their expulsion from Catalonia is not a little surprising; yet, notwithstanding repeated delays, there is still reason to hope for the early termination of the civil war in Spain. The stronger combatant has, as in the American contest of the previous decade, gradually worn down an obstinate antagonist by pressure of superior numbers. Again and again the Carlists have checked the progress of the Madrid armies, and they have not unfrequently obtained brilliant successes in the field; but after every interval of apparent progress their fortunes have ebbed to a lower level than before. The Alfonsist generals have probably been waiting for reinforcements, while the Carlists have, perhaps for the purpose of displaying their unabated energy, amused themselves with an ineffectual bombardment of Santander. It is now announced that MARTINEZ CAMPOS and QUESADA are preparing for a general advance, having probably replaced their reserves and garrisons by the recent levies. The severe measures which DON CARLOS has adopted against some of his principal chiefs seem to indicate both his resolute character and his desperate condition. Whatever may be the charges against DORREGARAY and other accused generals, their real crime probably consists in their conversion to a belief that the struggle has become hopeless. LIZARRAGA has since the fall of Seo de Urgel been a prisoner; and some of the Carlist leaders have crossed the frontier into France. The Basque provinces are exhausted with the sacrifices which they have made in the cause of royalty and of provincial independence. A year ago they might have secured the maintenance of their local privileges as a condition of peace. It is now stated that the Government of Madrid is determined to take advantage of their prostration to abolish rights which have so often served as a pretext for insurrection. It is difficult for foreigners to judge whether the preservation or the destruction of the provincial franchises would be more likely to perpetuate disaffection. According to a late and apocryphal rumour, Queen ISABELLA had offered to DON CARLOS a little kingdom of his own which was to consist of the insurgent provinces. The story was probably invented partly for the purpose of exciting popular feeling against the QUEEN, and also as an illustration of the disadvantageous tendency of local independence. The curious similarity between the claims of the Northern provinces and the doctrines of the Federal Republicans has often been remarked.

The approaching collapse of the Carlist cause will deprive the Holy See of the weapon on which it principally relied in the negotiations with Madrid. On the accession of King ALFONSO, the Church possessed extraordinary facilities for obtaining the concessions which it desired. The restoration itself was a reaction against the party which had with characteristic imprudence persecuted and alienated the clergy. The new Government voluntarily offered restitu-

tion of a part of the property of which the Church had been despoiled, and some of the most eminent Liberal Professors were arbitrarily expelled from the Universities. The principal Minister, in his anxiety to conciliate the POPE, rashly promised to maintain the Concordat in which Queen ISABELLA had surrendered the spiritual liberties of her subjects in compensation for her own personal eccentricities of conduct. CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO evidently overrated the importance of ecclesiastical support. The POPE judiciously abstained from declaring himself in favour of either competitor for the Crown. Don CARLOS had consistently supported the extreme pretensions of Rome, but it was doubted whether his power to render service was equal to his will; and Don ALFONSO was the godson of PIUS IX. and the son of the pious ISABELLA. The NUNCIO who was sent to Madrid in acknowledgment of the devotion to Rome professed by the Government would perhaps have been better advised if he had demanded the enforcement of the Concordat before the fortune of war had declared itself in favour of ALFONSO. It was improbable that a King who felt himself comparatively safe on his throne should agree to prohibit heretical observances, and to place the secular arm, as in ancient times, at the service of the Church. The NUNCIO only succeeded in driving a friendly Minister from power, and in extracting from his more Liberal successors a vague statement of the impossibility of complete concession. The arguments for absolute submission to the Church which are in preparation at Rome will fail of their object. King ALFONSO and his advisers are well assured that the POPE will not declare himself in favour of Don CARLOS, and they have consequently no longer any motive for incurring general indignation and ridicule.

Although no time is yet fixed for the general election, it is understood that the Cortes will soon be summoned. The Ministers have no motive for haste; and they may perhaps have hoped to announce in the KING's opening speech the re-establishment of peace; but, although the end of the war may be approaching, the contest will probably linger on through the winter. Notwithstanding their constitutional professions, the Ministers, following the example of former Governments, continue to exercise arbitrary power when it suits their purpose. An ex-Minister has recently been banished by a Royal decree without trial or accusation; but Spanish susceptibilities are seldom disturbed by official acts. It may be conjectured that local functionaries have already been instructed to secure the return of candidates of that shade of Liberal opinion which most nearly coincides with the tendencies of the Cabinet. SAGASTA has summoned a meeting of the Conservative party which formerly acknowledged him as its leader. ZORRILLA's name has not lately been mentioned as a candidate for political influence or Ministerial power. A request of some Republican politicians that they might be allowed to hold electoral meetings has been declined on the ground that their principles are opposed to the existing Constitution. It is at the same time announced that all monarchical parties will be at liberty to organize themselves for the purposes of the election. For once the Cortes will not be invited to establish a new Constitution; but it is not altogether clear whether the organic law passed after the dethronement of ISABELLA or any earlier system is supposed to be in force. The principal business of the Cortes will be to raise money, if possible, and to give a popular sanction to the re-establishment of the Monarchy. It is not known that the Ministers have any measures to propose; but they may perhaps ask the Cortes to confirm any decision which they may have formed on ecclesiastical questions. Whatever may be their policy, they have no opposition to fear. The Republicans have now a sufficient excuse for abstaining from taking part in the elections, as other parties absented themselves when the Republicans were in power. An Assembly which includes no difference of opinion is but imperfectly representative.

If the Cortes should unexpectedly prove troublesome or refractory, the Government has more than one string to its bow. The PRIME MINISTER is a general, and, as long as he retains his post, he has the army at his disposal. The only opponent whom he has to fear is MARTINEZ CAMPOS or some other military rival. Recent and earlier precedents establish the supremacy of the army in Spain over the civil power. TOPETE, PRIM, and SERRANO consulted no public authority when they dethroned ISABELLA, nor did MARTINEZ CAMPOS when he gave the crown to her son. No modern

political transaction has commanded more universal approval than the expulsion of the incapable Republican Parliament by General PAVIA. It will be fortunate for the nation if King ALFONSO proves himself at some future time capable of controlling the military adventurers who will compete for power during his minority. The most important result of the civil war has been the restoration of the army, which had been reduced by Republican intrigue and maladministration to utter inefficiency and feebleness. Military supremacy and anarchy succeeded each other in a vicious circle, and general officers are now enjoying their term of power. The experience of the Republican chaos which followed the abdication of King AMADEO proves that an army strong enough to prevent internal disruption is the indispensable condition of the existence of Spain. It is on the whole desirable that Parliamentary forms should be kept alive to some future time at which they may acquire reality. It is true that the hopes of constitutional politicians in Spain have been repeatedly disappointed by the arts of corrupt Courts, by the folly of demagogues, and by the selfish ambition of military leaders; yet it may be argued that packed and factious Parliaments have not been abolished because they corresponded in theory with a national want or belief. Spain, though it is far behind France in political cultivation, has the comparative advantage of possessing a dynasty which will reign by an undisputed title as soon as Don CARLOS is finally defeated. Military competitors for power will for their own interest recognize the title of a King who may perhaps in time ally himself against their encroachments with the representatives of the people.

INTEREST ON BANK DEPOSITS.

THE reduction by the London and Westminster Bank of the rate of interest which has hitherto been allowed on deposits at call can scarcely be permanently maintained unless it is imitated by the other Joint-Stock Banks; but there can be little doubt that the example will be generally followed, if the present dulness of trade continues. Bank deposits have gradually become the principal stores of money which is waiting for investment, and which is in the meantime applicable to the discount of bills. The arrangement is so convenient both to large and small capitalists that the amount of deposits will not be greatly affected by a small and general reduction of the rate of interest allowed, though a single establishment can scarcely afford to be outbid by its competitors. The tie between a depositor and a Joint-Stock Bank is of a much laxer kind than the connexion of a customer with his ordinary banker. Nothing is easier than to transfer a deposit from the London and Westminster Bank to any other bank which offers more liberal terms. Some depositors might, without withdrawing their funds, obtain for the present a fractional advantage by leaving their money on notice instead of at call. The great majority, not being familiar with the wants or fluctuations of the money market, will regret the change of the simple rule which enabled them at all times to calculate the exact interest which they were earning from day to day. An allowance of 1 per cent. less than the Bank of England rate was easy and intelligible, and it obviated all suspicion of caprice or unfairness. Non-professional depositors will no longer feel assured that they receive as high a rate of interest as the value of money for the time being will bear. Any discontent which may arise will have but little practical effect if all the banks adopt the new system. There is no alternative mode of obtaining even small interest for surplus earnings and savings, with a certainty of receiving the principal in full as soon as the money is required for other purposes.

The discontinuance of the payment of interest on money at call to the amount of 1 per cent. below the Bank rate has been for some time under discussion. If the Bank rate uniformly coincided with the market rate of discount, 1 per cent. on the vast mass of deposits would amply compensate the Joint-Stock Banks for the trouble and risk of discounting bills. The high dividends which have for many years been paid to the shareholders, although they have no relation to the capital on which they are ostensibly earned, prove that the business has not been unprofitable. The difficulty which the Board of the London and Westminster Bank attempt to solve for the benefit of their constituents arises from the duty which has fallen on the Bank

of England of regulating its rate of discount by the amount of the reserve which it holds on behalf of all the banks in the kingdom as well as of itself. It often happens, as in the last three or four weeks, that there is at the same time a drain on the reserve, and a large amount of unemployed capital in the market. When the Bank of England is forced to raise the rate, the demand for discount is still further checked; and consequently the Joint-Stock Banks have additional difficulty in obtaining for themselves a margin of profit beyond their allowance to their customers. It is not known whether the vigilance of the London and Westminster Directors has been stimulated by their heavy losses through the defalcations of COLLIE and his trading connexions. It has been suggested, not without plausibility, that the accumulation of deposits tempts directors and managers to incur improper risks for the purpose of employing their surplus funds. The margin of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. between the interest which they allow and the Bank rate will probably be sufficient to relieve the pressure. Whenever the demand for discount increases with the activity of trade, the Joint-Stock Banks may find it expedient to encourage depositors by allowing them a more liberal rate of interest. The Bank of England will perhaps promote the result, as on former occasions, by taking active measures to raise the rate.

A banker, though he may incidentally have capital of his own invested in his business, is essentially a professional agent for bringing lenders into connexion with borrowers. From the nature of his transactions he can scarcely make a separate bargain with each customer; and he therefore receives money to be employed at his discretion on fixed terms. The London and Westminster Bank has now raised its commission on one kind of business with obvious advantage to itself, provided that it can retain the larger part of its former custom. If there were an abundant supply of bills at the rate fixed by the Bank of England, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would be an extravagant charge for the operation of providing discounts. It is easy to calculate that 1 per cent. on 20,000,000*l.* amounts to 200,000*l.*; and, although it is of course necessary to keep a sufficient balance in hand, the available portion of the revenue is not to be despised. The capital of the bank may at the same time be invested elsewhere, and the known command of a vast amount of deposits must of course enable a bank largely to increase its ordinary business. It is strange that private London bankers, as a rule, decline to receive money on deposit; but perhaps they fear to lose the balances which they at present hold without the necessity of paying interest. The fashion or tradition which required persons of large fortune to keep balances at their bankers to the amount of one or two years' income is perhaps not wholly obsolete. The business of a banker is easy and pleasant and safe as long as he observes a few ordinary rules of prudence. It would seem that even the profitable trade in deposits is not sufficiently attractive to induce private firms to enter into competition with the Joint-Stock Banks. There is perhaps a certain advantage in the publicity which necessarily attends the transactions of Companies. The information which directors think fit to communicate to their shareholders is necessarily accessible to customers and to the world at large.

The abundance of disposable money which continues notwithstanding the rise in the Bank rate is indicated not only by the indifference of bankers to deposits, but by the high price of shares in railways and in similar undertakings. It may be inferred from the revenue returns that trade has not recently declined; but it has by no means resumed its former activity. It is doubtful whether the iron trade will at any future time recover the prosperity which it enjoyed only two years ago. The discredit which has fallen on the less trustworthy foreign funds has directed investments into other quarters. The researches of the Foreign Loans Committee have thrown a doubt on the solvency of many other States besides Honduras and Costa Rica. The suspension of payment of interest and sinking fund on one half of the Turkish Debt has caused equally reasonable alarm to capitalists. From August to the beginning of October the interest allowed by the Joint-Stock Banks on deposits was only at the rate of 1 per cent., and nevertheless the amount retained was large. Now that the rate is raised to $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. many capitalists will shrink from permanent investments which only promise 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There has been lately a lull in the production of limited Companies and other speculative projects. As compared with former years there has been even a dearth of prospectuses. But for the occasional collapse of firms

which are found to have been long practically insolvent, it might perhaps be assumed that trade was in a sound condition, though it is not extraordinarily prosperous. Discussions on the state of the money market are happily not complicated in England, as in America, by controversies on the expansion or restriction of the currency. Deposits are probably but seldom made in coin; nor is the discount of good bills impeded by any real or alleged want of money. The best authorities seem to hold that the accumulation of money in banks ought rather to be discountenanced than encouraged.

THE SCRUTIN QUESTION.

IF to set speculation rolling is the end of newspaper enterprise, the *Journal des Débats* has achieved a conspicuous success. An article appeared in it a week ago which has furnished matter for political conjecture ever since. It has been taken for granted that it means a great deal; partly because it was not signed, and, as the articles in the *Journal des Débats* usually are signed, it is assumed that this distinction must stand for a difference, if the reader has only the wit to find it out; and partly because, as M. LÉON SAY is understood to have influence with the *Journal des Débats*, it is suspected that this article may have been directly inspired by him. What the precise meaning of the article is is a point on which the interpreters are disagreed. According to one set, it is a warning addressed to the PRIME MINISTER; according to another, it is an exhortation to the Left Centre. Conservatives and Radicals alike contrive to glean comfort from its ambiguous sentences. The Conservatives read in it an assurance that M. DUFAYRE and M. LÉON SAY are at one with M. BUFFET upon the electoral law, and that they wish through this article to persuade the Left Centre not to stand by the *scrutin de liste*. The Radicals read in it an intimation that M. DUFAYRE and M. LÉON SAY will not abandon the Left Centre, and that they wish M. BUFFET to know that, if he tries to construct a majority without the Left Centre, he must find a new Minister of Justice and a new Minister of Finance. As the Left Centre has now to determine whether to vote with the Government against the Left or with the Left against the Government, it is of some moment to them to ascertain which of these two interpretations is the true one. If M. DUFAYRE and M. LÉON SAY are prepared to leave office in case of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* being rejected, there will probably be sufficient deserters from the Liberal side to ensure that it will not be rejected. In that case, if the majority of the Left Centre deputies vote against the electoral law, they will find themselves on the eve of the election in avowed opposition to the Government upon a question of confidence. If, on the other hand, they can feel sure that M. DUFAYRE and M. LÉON SAY will at all events not urge their friends to vote against the *scrutin de liste*, the *scrutin de liste* may after all be retained; and in that case to vote against it would commit the Left Centre to an open quarrel with the Left, at a time when it is especially necessary that all sections of the Republican party should unite their forces as much as possible.

Though the uncertainty which prevails as to the sense of the article in question is intelligible when due allowance is made for the excitement under which it has been studied, it will scarcely be shared by cooler readers. The object of the *Journal des Débats* is certainly to preach caution to the Left Centre rather than to convey a warning to M. BUFFET. It begins by pointing out a fact which, though sufficiently obvious in itself, has yet been pretty much forgotten—the fact, namely, that it matters very little whether the Cabinet are united or not upon the terms of the electoral law. What is the good, says the writer, of trying to separate certain members of the Cabinet from the rest, and asking whether, if the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is rejected, all the Ministers will send in their resignations at the same time? There is no doubt as to what the PRIME MINISTER intends to do, and if he resigns, the Ministry of which M. BUFFET is the head will necessarily cease to exist. Marshal MACMAHON will recover his liberty of action, and no one can pretend to foresee what use he will make of it. So far the sense of the article is unmistakable. Do not buoy yourselves up, it says to the Left Centre, with any hope that a DUFAYRE Administration may succeed a BUFFET Administration without any breach of continuity. The MARSHAL will have the settlement of that

question, and there is not the slightest reason to think that he will settle it in such a way as you would like. But what is the need, the article goes on to ask, of connecting the *scrutin d'arrondissement* with a Ministerial policy to which the Cabinet must adhere as a whole? M. BUFFET knows perfectly well that in the existing Chamber there never has been, and never will be, a majority in favour of a Ministerial policy. The Ministers themselves could not agree upon such a policy. The Cabinet is homogeneous so long as the question at issue is the founding of a constitutional Government, just as the majority which supports the Cabinet is homogeneous on the same question. But in the ordinary sense of the term, it is not homogeneous any more than the majority which supports it is. So soon, that is to say, as any discussion is raised upon the mode in which the Government, when founded, should be carried on, it is probable that the Cabinet and the majority would alike fall to pieces. Certainly the Cabinet could not survive a discussion upon internal policy, since, whatever might be the issue of it, some Ministers would be unable to retain their seats, and their retirement would inevitably entail the break up of the Ministry in its present form.

The meaning of all this seems clear enough. It is an attempt on the part of the *Journal des Débats*, and possibly of the Ministers who represent the Left Centre in the Cabinet, to separate the electoral law from the larger question of M. BUFFET's general policy. Nothing can be more outspoken than the intimation that, as regards the latter, the Cabinet are not united. They are only united as to the propriety of passing the Constitutional Laws and setting the new Legislature to work. But, as it is well known that in M. BUFFET's estimation the substitution of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste* is an indispensable element in the Constitutional Laws, and as, further, with this knowledge M. DUBAURE and M. LÉON SAY continue to hold office under him, it is plain that they do not themselves think, and do not wish the Left Centre to think, that the retention of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is in any sense necessary to the ultimate triumph of a Liberal policy. That this is the view which will ultimately prevail with the Left Centre is almost certain. They are not likely to separate themselves from M. DUBAURE and M. LÉON SAY, and the speech of M. GERMAIN shows that the views of the Ministerial chiefs of the party are shared by one at least of the most important members. By no one has M. BUFFET's policy been more gravely arraigned than by M. GERMAIN; but the conclusion to which this indictment brings him is, that it is not opportune to provoke a Ministerial crisis. Now, to provoke a Ministerial crisis means at present to be instrumental in rejecting the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and to advise the Left Centre not to provoke a Ministerial crisis is to advise them not to vote against the electoral law as finally framed by the Cabinet. There is much to be said in defence of this advice. In fact, nothing but a more intimate acquaintance with French constituencies than can be possessed by any one who is not in the confidence of an election agent would justify a strong opinion against its prudence. The worst danger of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is, that it may so break up parties as to reproduce to some extent in the new Legislature the dead lock which has paralysed the existing Assembly. If it does not do this, the avoidance of that indefinite postponement of the elections which would probably follow upon M. BUFFET's retirement is undoubtedly a very great gain.

There is another danger, however, attendant upon the substitution of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste* which is not to be despised either on general or party grounds. When M. GAMBETTA says that the *scrutin d'arrondissement* will be unfavourable to the alliance of all sections of the constitutional majority, he does but mention a particular form of an objection which is common to all schemes for ensuring a better representation of minorities. The more perfect these schemes are for their own purpose the less room they leave for conciliation and compromise in elections. When a group of members are returned by an entire department, the leaders on each side can ensure that all the important shades of opinion in their party are represented in their list of candidates. The Centre and the two wings, of which every great political organization is composed, can be allotted their proportionate share, and the electors of one shade will be willing to vote for the candidates of another shade in consideration of a similar service being rendered to their own candidates. But if all the constituencies in France return a single member, there

is no longer any room for this sort of arrangement. In each *arrondissement* the candidate who has the best chance of being returned must be put forward without regard to what is being done in other *arrondissements*. Advanced Republicans will vote for Left Centre candidates along with their own, but it will be impossible to induce advanced Republicans to disregard the fact that they are strong enough to carry a candidate of their own way of thinking, on the ground that they have already secured their share of the representation in other *arrondissements*. At the same time M. GAMBETTA's letter to the Lyons Republicans seems to show that he too is not anxious to provoke a Ministerial crisis. "Whatever may come," he says, "I have no uneasiness as to the final result." And he explains this by the statement that it is the Left Centre, not the Left, that will be the sufferers by the new electoral law. "They alone have all to lose by the *scrutin d'arrondissement*." This is tantamount to an exhortation to his followers not to let their love for the *scrutin de liste* carry them into any passionate action which may have the effect of delaying the dissolution. They are resisting the *scrutin d'arrondissement* rather for the sake of their allies than for their own sake, and if they are beaten by the desertion of the very men in whose interest they are fighting, there is no need for them to be over-much distressed.

FLOODS AND DROUGHT.

NATURE has seemingly made up her mind to read the Government a lesson. They refused last summer to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the water supply of the country, and the water supply of the country has been out of order ever since. There was a deluge in July, there has been a deluge in October, yet there are districts which by the middle of September were beginning to get uneasy about a drought. Thus the year 1875 has been a kind of epitome of the extremes into which the English climate sometimes runs. Ordinarily speaking, rain and sunshine succeed each other at short intervals. Before the soil is thoroughly saturated some fine days come and it dries up. Before it is thoroughly parched there comes showery weather and it is moist again. But occasionally this succession is suspended, and there is a long spell of one or other extreme. It is this that finds out our weak points. In a flood, the rivers that a week before were only pretty features in a landscape, become torrents as devastating in their degree as the Ganges or the Jumna. In a drought, the perennial verdure which makes the beauty of an English summer disappears, and for the brute creation, at all events, the land becomes like an Eastern desert. Here, therefore, is one obvious subject for careful investigation. Is there no means of equalizing these two extremes? If we could only store the surplus water which has been doing so much mischief for the last fortnight, it might be of immense value to us next summer. The meadows which are now no better than a sea may be parched and brown next August. The cattle which the farmer has with difficulty saved from the floods may have to be killed for want of water or herbage before another autumn comes round. Cannot the two catastrophes be made to minister to each other? Is there no possibility of constructing tanks, or reservoirs, or canals, which, during heavy rains, may intercept a part of the water before it finds its way into the rivers, and retain it for future use? Before drainage was brought to its present point of perfection, a great deal of water remained in the soil, making it cold and heavy, and giving the frost a stronger hold on it. Our agriculturists have grown too wise to allow this any longer; but their only notion of an alternative has been to put the water as far away from them and to get rid of it as quickly as they can. Consequently, they turn it into the nearest stream, and in ordinary seasons this is found to answer the purpose fairly well. The river carries off the surplus water, and the farmer is satisfied. Now that the system has been perfected, it is found that it only succeeds in a season which is so strictly ordinary as to be of rare occurrence. A very slight deflection on either side throws everything out of gear. There is a little more rain than usual, and the rivers cannot carry off the water as fast as it drains into them. There is a little less rain than usual, and the farmer would give a great deal to recover some of the water which a few months before he has been so pleased to see the last of. Is it impossible so to modify our system of drainage as to introduce an intermediate stage

in which the surplus water, after being removed from the soil, might remain for a time in artificial ponds or canals, and only pass from thence into the natural watercourses when the supply came to be in excess of this temporary provision for disposing of it?

There are two aspects under which a system of this kind may be regarded. One is as an expedient for relieving the rivers of a pressure which, as has lately been seen, is sometimes more than they can bear. The other is as an expedient for guarding against the loss and suffering which accompany a very dry season. We can imagine that there is much to be said against the possibility of doing great things in the former direction. To construct reservoirs large enough to divert all the water that comes down to the rivers in a season such as the present might involve a cost out of all proportion to the average loss from floods. Phenomena of this kind are so irregular in their recurrence that after each of them the agriculturist hopes that there will be no more of them in his time. At present, however, we are not suggesting that such reservoirs should be built, but simply that a Commission should be appointed to inquire into the possibility of building them with profit. This, at all events, would not be a very costly business. And, supposing that the Commission reported against the plan, it does not follow that their labour would go for nothing. There is the second aspect of the scheme to be considered, the possibility of intercepting, not all the flood water, but so much of it as will make a subsequent drought a matter of little consequence. This is nothing like so formidable an undertaking as the former. It involves no attempt to provide for an absolutely unknown quantity of water. Every farmer can calculate in some rough fashion what amount of reservoir space would be required to give drink to his stock and to supply the means of irrigation to a part at least of his crops. Supposing that the floods were in no way lessened, it would be a gain that the droughts should be less injurious; and even the spectacle of submerged land might be viewed with more calmness if it were not embittered by the knowledge that the water which is doing mischief to-day may be as mischievous by its absence six months hence. Besides this, it is highly improbable that under a good system of storage of water for summer wants the damage done by floods would remain the same. Every gallon of water intercepted by the reservoir would be so much subtracted from the rivers. The best mode of storing rain water for agricultural purposes would be a less ambitious and less interesting branch of the Commission's inquiries than the possibility of guarding against floods, but its value to the community would be scarcely, if at all, subordinate.

There is another subject of inquiry which is suggested, not by the exceptional conditions of the present year, but by conditions which are unfortunately present one year as much as another. We have again and again insisted on the defects both as regards quantity and quality of the supply of drinking water throughout the country. Of course these are worse in very dry years, because wells which at other times yield water then yield none, and recourse is necessarily had to sources which at other times would be considered too impure for use. But in all years the supply is both short and faulty. As more is known of the sanitary condition of the country, bad water is more and more recognized as the great channel of epidemic disease. The reports alike of Officers of Health and of the Inspectors specially employed by the Local Government Board all tell the same story. Of one village after another it is said, not in the recklessness of chance conversation, but with the deliberate purpose of an official statement, that the inhabitants are drinking sewage. The wells and ponds which constitute their only water supply are so polluted with sewage from the neighbouring cesspools that their contents can be described in no other language. The simplest remedy for this state of things is the storage of rain water. By comparison with what is now drunk by the poor in all parts of the country it is pure and wholesome; and the machinery for storing it need not be very costly. Still even in this restricted field there is room for a good deal of consideration and inquiry. Whether rain water should preferably be stored so as to ensure an independent supply to each cottage, or so as to combine in one large tank a supply sufficient for many cottages, whether the provision of these tanks ought to be thrown upon the local authority or upon the owners of the cottages, or to be commended to private enterprise, commercial or philanthropic, are points upon which wise conclusions would

be of great importance. Wise conclusions in matters of this kind are not arrived at without patient inquiry, and when arrived at, they need to be enforced with all authority that can be imparted to them by great names and dignified procedure. These are just the elements which a Royal Commission can supply, and for this reason, if for no other, the Government will do well to reconsider their determination to leave the question alone.

THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

THE Balaklava banquet at the Alexandra Palace may have been, as some of the reporters assure us, "a scene of enthusiasm and excitement rarely equalled"; but impartial observers would perhaps describe in other terms the grotesquely degrading associations of the ceremony, and the unseemly uproar which attended it. It is impossible to imagine anything better calculated to place British soldiers in a false position, and to make the country ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners, than that such an event should have been allowed to be used as a pretext for a showman's speculation. It is difficult to enter into the minds of the people who were capable of conceiving the idea of celebrating a tragic blunder by an entertainment in which a screaming farce, an *opéra bouffe*, and various comic songs formed a conspicuous feature. Mrs. STIRLING, we are told, "brought all minds into harmony" "with the occasion" by her recitation of TENNYSON'S ode; but the harmony must have been of a curious character. The stuffed head of Lord CARDIGAN'S horse, which he rode in the charge upon the Russian guns, was exhibited as a sacred relic; and there was also a living horse, which, though it had nothing to do with Balaklava, had happened to be in the Crimea, and which, as we learn from the *Daily Telegraph*, was with characteristic logic elevated into the hero of the day. Moreover, there was a collection of helmets, rifles, swords, uniforms, and other old curiosity-shop rubbish, alleged to have been brought from Balaklava; and some of the surviving troopers who rode in the charge had a meal provided for them and speeches made in their honour, which appear to have bored them very much. But of course all this was thrown in only for the purpose of giving colour to the pretence that a national demonstration was going on, the truth being that it was only a bait for visitors to the Palace in addition to its ordinary attractions as a music-hall and drinking-bar. There can be no doubt that Sir EDWARD LEE, the manager, has greatly distinguished himself in his own line by his promptitude and daring on this occasion, and COLE C.B. must now hide his diminished head before a successful rival. Sir EDWARD, it seems, was knighted by the LORD-LIEUTENANT of Ireland—it is only in Ireland, we suppose, that such things can happen—for his cleverness in arranging some show at Dublin, and he has since undertaken the management of the Alexandra Palace. Hitherto that institution has depended chiefly upon fireworks, but the nights have become dark and chilly, and something else had to be thought of. There had been some talk of celebrating the charge at Balaklava by getting the men together in a quiet way, and Sir E. LEE, by a sudden inspiration, seized upon the project, and adopted it as his own. He became the host of the men, and the fountain of public honour, and he was certainly unduly modest when, in proposing the toast of the evening, he "hoped he would be exonerated from any charge of possessing more than his share of national vanity." National vanity, we imagine, is not likely to feel very much flattered by the part which the army and the country have been made to play in these proceedings; but Sir E. LEE has at least shown what impudence and claptrap can effect. There is only one passage in his speech to which we need call attention, and that is where he said that he looked forward to "this commemorative banquet becoming an annual institution." One such celebration may perhaps be forgiven, especially now that it is over; but it must be hoped that it will not, any more than the deplorable military blunder with which it is associated, be repeated.

Sir E. LEE remarked in the course of his speech that the material results of the charge of the Six Hundred may have been small, but its moral effect was magnificent. It may be admitted that heroism, however wasted, is always a touching spectacle, and it is impossible not to feel a natural pride in the conduct of our countrymen on that occasion. We are afraid, however,

that if the fashion is coming in of celebrating such feats in the manner adopted at the Alexandra Palace, the moral effect can scarcely fail to be injurious. It is stated that the troopers who were present at this dinner, on a signal being sounded, "leaped up as one man, and with a wild cheer" and the waving of sabre-less sword-arms looked for a "moment as if they were really going to do it again," and then went through "some vigorous passes with imaginary" swords." Every one must have a sympathetic respect for a veteran who shoulders his crutch and shows how fields were won; but this kind of theatrical display is, we venture to think, something which has hitherto been foreign to the nature and bent of mind of the British soldier. It is evident that those who try to exalt the conduct of the horsemen at Balaklava into an unparalleled and exceptional act of heroism must have a very imperfect conception of military spirit and discipline. It is only right that the gallantry of this particular group of soldiers should receive the fullest recognition; but the way in which they have been spoken of is inferentially unfair to the many other brave men who took part in the war, and who, under similar circumstances, might have been trusted to do as much. It must be honestly confessed that the charge of the Six Hundred is remarkable rather for its dismal futility than for any other reason, and that, though it arrested public attention in a striking way, it was only one of innumerable acts of equal daring. The men may have been conscious that a mistake was being committed; but the first principle of military duty is that orders must be obeyed without question, and who ever heard of British troops turning tail when commanded to charge? All this wonderment and exclamation about soldiers actually obeying orders, though they knew they were rushing in the face of death, must be thought to be rather a sign of the decline of spirit in Englishmen. It was justly remarked at the time of the Duke of WELLINGTON's death that the admiration of his loyalty to duty had degenerated into cant, inasmuch as it seemed to imply that there was something very extraordinary in anybody really doing his duty.

There is another aspect of the subject which must not be overlooked. It is obvious that, if the celebration of the Balaklava charge is to be made what Sir E. LEE calls an annual institution, it may be discovered that other famous fights also require to be commemorated; and we shall then witness the touching spectacle of a vigorous competition among the various music-halls and tea-gardens of London for the privilege of making a little money out of the exhibition of the brave defenders of our country. There will be Alma banquets, and Inkermann banquets, and possibly Abyssinian and Ashantee banquets, till every day of the year is filled up. At the present moment the reputation of England as a military power does not stand particularly high among other nations, and it will be thought that this sudden fuss about the deeds of the past is a poor way of proving her prowess. There are appointed methods for doing honour in the name of the public to soldiers who distinguish themselves in the service of the State; and with these they have hitherto been content, and it is well that they should remain so. If it is thought that the military spirit of the country requires to be nursed by the showmen, all we can say is that the country must be in a very bad way.

HANDWRITING.

OF the minor quackeries which have supplanted the old arts of divination, few are more specious than that which professes to discover character from handwriting. There must, as people say, be "something in it"; and nothing is easier than to overleap the little gap which separates this proposition from the conclusion that it is absolutely true. Nobody can doubt the probability of the phrenological assumption that there is some correlation between the moral and intellectual faculties and the structure of the brain. The assumption once made, it is but a trifling step with most people to assume that phrenologists have made an accurate and exhaustive account of our faculties, that they have assigned to each its proper place in the brain, and that they are able further to infer the brain from the external shape of the head. On the same principle, it is obvious enough that a man's character must in many ways affect his handwriting. It is natural to infer that the handwriting reveals the character; and it is equally natural that clever persons should make a decent income by professing a special power of interpreting this revelation. The difficulties which intervene are trifling. You have only to frame an exhaustive psychology, to show how every quality of mind affects

a man's handwriting, and to eliminate all the accidental influences which mask the influence of the writer's idiosyncrasies. These tasks once accomplished, character may be divined from the writing, as, indeed, it might be divined from the cut of a man's clothes, or his peculiarities in eating, drinking, walking, or performing any other function.

We do not profess to have attained this degree of skill; but there are some humbler lessons which may be deduced from even a superficial examination of handwritings. It is curious to remark, for example, how a person unconsciously stamps his own peculiarities on paper, and how we unconsciously learn to interpret signs too fine to be definitely stated in an articulate shape. The process by which we recognize a familiar handwriting which to the uneducated eye is precisely like a thousand others is a striking example of that "illative sense" upon which Dr. Newman has enlarged. When Mr. Chabot gives the reasons which justify him in identifying the handwriting of Junius, for example, with that of Sir Philip Francis, he is only bringing into the distinct light of conscious observation a thousand small peculiarities by which we have already been quite unconsciously biased. It is an instance of the common paradox that our judgments are guided by innumerable precedents which, as it would seem, the judgment is itself unable to grasp. Thus a kind of blind instinct outruns the fully developed reasoning process, and leads us to form unavoidable prejudices which may in one sense be called unreasonable, and which yet in fact represent the conclusions of what we must call unconscious reasoning. When we look at the travellers' book in a foreign hotel, we pick out at a glance the writings of the prominent nationalities; we form an instinctive guess as to the relative proportions of the English and American guests; and we at once form a prejudice for or against people in regard to whom we have no other sources of knowledge. One difference, indeed, is conspicuous enough in this case. All Americans appear to an Englishman to write precisely the same hand, whether on the same principle that makes all negroes alike to a white man and all sheep alike to every one but a shepherd, or whether there is really a greater uniformity of writing. We are inclined to think that the last is to a great extent true. The sight of a travellers' book is equivalent to an essay of De Tocqueville's upon the levelling influences of democracy. In the infinite variety of English hands you see every class of society represented; the bold round hand of the bagman is varied with the delicate spider-lines of the fine lady, and the dashing scrawl of the sportsman; a judicious compromise between formality and self-assertion indicates the travelling statesman, and a hopelessly unintelligible confusion of scratches and blotches infallibly shows the professional author. American hands, on the contrary, all seem to have been turned out of one mould, and that the commercial. They would be irreproachable hands for a clerk wishing to conduct the correspondence of a respectable firm; but Englishmen are generally inclined to think that they are rather wanting in delicacy and personal character. We must admit, however, that the Americans have the best of the argument. The first and most essential quality of good handwriting is that it should be legible, as the first quality of style is that it should be lucid. In that respect there can be no doubt that Americans have the advantage of us, whether their excellence be owing to their system of education or to some more impalpable correlation between the national character and the organization of their fingers.

Some of our less excellent national characteristics are indeed forcibly represented in our handwriting. It represents, in the first place, the dogged self-assertion which, from various points of view, is our greatest excellence or our greatest fault. As regards handwriting it is simply a nuisance. A true Briton holds that he may gratify his own personal tastes to the complete disregard of his neighbour's feelings; he may thrust the hard angularities of his person upon all who come in his way on condition that they may return the compliment. If his writing is a hideous scrawl, where half-a-dozen letters are run into one and a perfectly arbitrary system of symbols introduced where it seems good to him, he does not understand that anybody has any business to complain. He may write to you in a set of hieroglyphics as mysterious as the Egyptian, and your only consolation is that in replying you may adopt the cuneiform system. And, in the next place, he has a profound disbelief in the very possibility of education. He implicitly denies that his writing can be changed by anything short of a miracle. It is a law of nature that his n's and m's, and u's and a's, should be made on precisely the same pattern, and that ordinary terminations such as "ing" should be represented by a random sprawl with a vague curl at the end of it. You might as well request him to add an inch to his stature as to alter the length of the tails of his g's and y's. And yet nothing can be more certain than that everybody who is not crippled or paralysed could, if he pleased, write intelligibly, if not elegantly. It should be considered just as much a breach of good manners to send a letter which requires an expert for its interpretation as to indulge any offensive habit in society. Why should you wantonly put your neighbours to inconvenience when the observance of half-a-dozen simple rules will make everything easy? Everybody, for example, who can write at all can make a single letter distinctly. The task of making an a or a b in sufficient conformity with accepted types to be capable of being read by those who run is certainly not beyond the capacity of the clumsiest. The great source of indistinctness in writing is simply an unwillingness to take this amount of trouble. Any handwriting in which every letter is completely formed is readable without much difficulty; but four writers out

of five think it beneath them to close up the loops of their letters or to represent a series of similar letters by any symbol but a regular zigzag. To form letters distinctly requires, it must be admitted, a little time and trouble; but other faults seem actually to give trouble to the guilty person. People, for example, who otherwise write distinctly have a habit of keeping their lines so close together that the heads of the letters on the lower line get into inextricable difficulties with the tails of their predecessors. Another fault, much to be condemned, is the tendency, which with some people seems to be ineradicable, of writing a minute hand. The convenience of getting a large fragment of an article or a letter upon one page is obvious, and probably suggests the habit at its commencement. But when the habit is once formed, it grows inveterate, and we have known persons who ended by writing so small a hand that, as their eyes became weaker, they were unable to read their own manuscripts.

The foundation, however, of the most crying sins is generally laid at schools, where, as one would think, they ought to be corrected. It is still, we imagine, the custom at public schools to punish boys by making them write out many pages of manuscript. The convenience of the system to those who impose it is obvious; but its evil consequences are as manifest. A boy is inevitably driven to write as fast as he can with an utter disregard of grace and legibility. Many handwritings, we cannot doubt, have been permanently ruined by this detestable practice; and any chance of teaching a good style at the time when it could be most effectually acquired is of course sacrificed. When a lad leaves school for the Universities he is subjected to a still more overpowering temptation. The whole art of modern education is coming to consist in qualifying a youth to write out as much as possible upon every conceivable topic within a given space of time. Here, therefore, there is a direct and high premium upon any mode of writing which increases speed at the expense of all other qualities. No student, unless animated by a most unusual degree of the Christian spirit which makes us do good to them that persecute us, could think of saving the eyes of an examiner; it is enough if he does not mentally devote them to the worst of fates; he knows perfectly well that the examiner is bound to decipher the most abominable of scrawls, and would think it grossly unfair to make any deduction from the merits of a translation on the ground of its being badly written. The habit, therefore, already learnt at school is intensified; and there are few chances enough in after life. A grown-up man resents any advice to improve as a personal insult. The handwriting, like the style, is the man; or, in other words, is perfect. The barrister scrawls his opinions with supreme disregard for the feelings of the clerk who exists simply to supply his defects; the clergyman dashes off a sermon in hot haste, rejoicing in the more legitimate reflection that, if he can read his own performance, nobody else is likely to be aggrieved by its illegibility; the physician is forced to be intelligible to the chemist, but is not generally anxious to enlighten his patient too much; and the author, who expects to appear in print, has naturally no mercy on the unfortunate printers. Is it not their trade to make out all handwritings? and is not their reward in fingering so valuable an object as the autograph of an eminent writer amply sufficient for any reasonable being? Editors alone, it is probable, can know the full depths of human depravity in this respect. Upon them are showered piles of manuscript, destined never to see the light; and, though editors are invariably impartial and laborious to a degree not easily understood by the impatience of rejected contributors, it might be as well if authors understood that a perfectly clear and elegant manuscript has at least a rather better chance of due consideration than a rough collection of incoherent symbols in which it requires some faith to discover any marks of intelligent design.

Where the sources of confusion are so abundant, it is difficult to see any remedy. Schools might do something, especially if schoolmasters were themselves good writers; examiners might more generally allow some weight to a legible hand; and the knowledge that the character of a man's handwriting is not determined by an irreversible fatality might be more widely spread. We should, however, be more inclined to hope from another remedy, more in harmony with the spirit of the age. Machines have been invented by which a man can at once put his thoughts into print. By simply striking the keys of an instrument like a piano, the letters can be at once impressed upon paper, independently of the strange vagaries of individual tastes. A letter requires a single blow instead of a complex operation, and the process is therefore quicker, as well as more accurate. If such machines came into general use, as they would probably do if they could be cheaply constructed, a vast amount of trouble and eyesight would be saved by many harmless people.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

IT is a familiar observation that the great processes of nature are mostly conducted in silence, and noise is the sign not so much of growth as of destruction. It is not in the disturbing forces of the earthquake, the tempest, and the fire, but rather in the silent advance of long geological periods, the gradual development of animal life and the slow cooling of the igneous globe, that her still small voice speaks to the ear of science. It is, however, of human conduct rather than of natural laws that we are thinking when we speak of the power of silence. The

power of speech in its various forms, whether of conversation, of argument, of oratory, or, in a wider sense of the word, of written communication, is indeed obvious enough—so obvious that, without it, human life would come to a standstill altogether. Language, as it is constantly observed, distinguishes the rational from the brute creation. But, on the other hand, the ingenious sarcasm of a great master of diplomacy who suggested that the principal use of language is to conceal our thoughts has a basis of fact to rest upon. At all events it is very often used for that purpose, and in such cases the language of silence, wherever it is available, is the simplest and most effective that can be employed. We say wherever it is available, for a tell-tale silence, according to the familiar proverb, may be the surest means of revealing, not concealing, thought. It is not every one who knows how "to be silent in seven languages"; to speak seven languages with ease, if not a common, is perhaps a less rare accomplishment. But the capacity, where it exists, is a real source of strength, and Solomon intimates that to be wholly destitute of it is the mark of a fool, who "uttereth all his mind." A very simple illustration may serve to bring out our meaning here. One of the commonest objections to the whole class of alleged phenomena which are vulgarly lumped together under the comprehensive name of ghost stories is that they are almost always reported secondhand. The fact is admitted and accounted for in several cases in a work on alleged supernatural appearances reviewed in our columns not long ago. Now the objection of course has its weight, *valde quantum*; but it is not conclusive, for the simple reason that "a man of understanding," to use Solomon's phrase, if he believes himself to have witnessed any such preternatural occurrence, is not likely to be communicative on the subject. However strong may be his own conviction of its reality, he will have a keen sense of the ridicule to which an open avowal may expose himself and perhaps his family also; while he will be so far from sharing the fat boy's eagerness "to make yer flesh creep" that in proportion to the depth of his own conviction will be his unwillingness to expose to vulgar criticism what to himself has a character of sacredness. Every one has heard of Colonel Gardiner's visions, and there can be no sort of doubt as to his own belief in them. But when a rough military friend of his, on first seeing the account in print after his death, remarked that it must be a pure invention because Colonel Gardiner had never told him a word about the matter, one feels at once that the objection is absurd, whatever may be thought about the visions. Thus again it is related of Hallam and the poet Rogers that in early life they were greatly impressed with some mesmeric experiments they had witnessed in Paris, and on their first return to London began talking freely on the subject; but when they found their revelations received with a chorus of indiscriminate ridicule, they agreed never again to speak of the subject in general society.

In such instances, and many more that might be mentioned, silence is chiefly used as a protective power, and that is no doubt its most obvious, though by no means its only, use. Our readers may be aware that in former days the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, were forbidden by statute to marry; but the violation of the rule, which in fact they seldom observed, was connived at so long as they maintained a discreet reticence on their connubial arrangements, and their wives bore their maiden names in public. One of these wedded celibates was asked by a friend who had been much perplexed on discovering the state of the case how he managed to hold his fellowship? "My dear sir," was the reply, "a man can hold anything who can hold his tongue." It follows, of course, that a man who wears his heart on his sleeve will let everything slip through his fingers. This gift of silence is characteristic of the "canny" Scot. A Scotchman will never "tell a lee," but he will make it next to impossible for you to discover what he wishes to conceal. The surgical operation which is said to be requisite for getting a joke into him is equally required for getting anything out of him when he prefers, as he very frequently does prefer, to keep his own counsel. He is an adept at beating about the bush, which is another way of saying that he knows how to hold his tongue. But silence is not merely a protective power. If it often serves to conceal what there might be an indiscretion in betraying, it may also prove a positive means of influence. The Greeks thought it so difficult to "speak good-omened words" that they used the phrase as equivalent to what the Romans more directly termed "a sacred silence." And, great as is the repute which their philosophers, orators, and poets have won by their writings, it is difficult to determine how much of the still grander reputation of Socrates is due to his having written nothing. In one sense certainly he was the reverse of silent, but he did not commit his thoughts to paper, and he has been credited—we do not say undeservedly—with more than the highest wisdom of those who undertook to report his utterances, while their weaknesses are attributed to themselves. How much again of influence and reputation in ordinary life is due to a judicious silence. We have all heard of Lord Thurlow's awful nod, but there are other professions than the law where a sententious silence has proved the secret of success. How many medical reputations have been built on a capacity for looking wise and saying nothing! A doctor who knows how to insinuate by tone and face and gesture his perfect command of the situation, without committing himself to specific assertions, may make a little skill go a long way, and may even make serious mistakes with impunity. It does not seem so easy for a preacher to trade upon his capacity of reserve, yet even in the clerical profession many have gained the reputation of profound divines and able

guides in the spiritual life by a judicious management of platitudes. Nor would it be hard to show, on the other hand, how lofty reputations and brilliant prospects have been blighted by too open-mouthed a frankness. It matters little what opinions an aspirant for political or clerical promotion may hold, so long as he understands when to hold his tongue about them; but a single slip may mar a whole career. It is not uncommon, again, to hear people say that they had rather not meet some famous personage for whose character they have conceived a high admiration or reverence, for fear the spell should be broken. This means that they are afraid of his saying something that would jar on their preconceived notions about him; and, considering the immense diversity of tastes and methods of judgment, such a result is certainly likely enough. But no previously formed estimate, though it may not be raised, can well be endangered by silence. The policy of reserve has been stigmatized, and sometimes justly, as cowardly, but it is usually safe. As dead men tell no tales, silent men commit no blunders. David said in his haste that all men are liars, and ready speech is apt to be fruitful of criticisms more damaging to those who utter them than to those at whom they are aimed. Moreover, for most men, even the ablest, a novitiate of silence, so to call it, is profitable before they enter on the business of life. Dr. Newman tells us in the *Apologia* that it was said of him in his early days at Oxford, "Here is a man who, when he is silent, will never begin to speak, and, when he once begins to speak, will never stop." Thomas Aquinas was unquestionably one of the greatest intellects of the middle ages, yet so silent was he through all his earlier life that he was esteemed exceptionally stupid, and when at last he began to speak his auditors exclaimed, "*Bos locutus est.*" His brain had been working the more actively while his tongue was still.

It would not be difficult to illustrate on the other hand the disadvantageous results of forgetting that there is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak. Thus Christian apologists have been often, and only too plausibly, taunted with their premature eagerness to come forward with explanations of scientific objections urged against Revelation, which the next step in the advance of scientific discovery may, a few years later, render either irrelevant or superfluous. But history supplies one peculiarly prominent illustration of the point we have been dwelling on, with which we must here conclude. We quoted just now the saying of a successful dignitary of a former age, that a man could hold anything who knew how to hold his tongue. The reverse side of the picture is conspicuously exhibited in the career of a very high dignitary of our own day. Pius IX. has shown himself equally incapable of holding his tongue or his dominions. During his long pontificate, as he has himself reminded us, he "has never ceased to speak," and up to this moment he is pouring forth copious streams of exhortation, denunciation, and complaint in reply to the addresses of French pilgrims; but the results of all this eloquence can hardly be considered encouraging. His predecessors, on the contrary—and this is the point to which we specially referred—have generally, though not always, understood that the interests of the Papacy would be most efficiently secured by the golden rule of silence. They knew how to bide their time, and, as a distinguished champion of their cause has admirably observed, have even suffered controversies to remain unsettled for eight centuries which zealots of opposite schools were alike eager to have decided out of hand. Some great theological disputes, like that between the Thomists and the Molinists on grace and free will, have been left undecided to this day. It is precisely this silence of the Papacy which has made the Vatican definition possible, while at the same time helping to prove its unwisdom. For silence is consistent with infallibility, and is even capable of being ingeniously represented as an instance of it, but not error. And accordingly the most fatal flaw in the infallibilist argument has been supplied by those Pontiffs who have so far forgotten the traditional policy of their See as to commit themselves irrevocably to definite mistakes. We may be sure, though they would never confess it, that the astute advocates of the new dogma would give much to purchase the silence—were such a posthumous bargain still possible to be achieved—of a few such inconvenient exponents of dogmatic infallibility as Liberius, Honorius, Boniface VIII., and Eugenius IV. But the injudicious outspokenness of a few in the long line of pontiffs only brings out into clearer light the more politic reserve which has been the general characteristic of their See, and to which it has owed so much of that mysterious awe acknowledged alike by the reverence of one-half of the Christian world and the perplexity or indignation of the other.

GUY MANNERING'S COUNTRY.

IN the year 1793, so Lockhart tells us, on the rising of the Court at Edinburgh in which he was then still practising, Scott paid a visit to Galloway. At that period, somewhat regardless of Coke's celebrated dictum about the jealousy of law as a mistress, the young advocate was coquetting with literature, though he had not entirely abandoned the hope of distinction in his profession. The object of his visit to the Western Lowlands was not to climb mountains or angle in lakes, but to make himself acquainted with the persons and the localities connected with the case of the minister of Girthon, a certain Rev. Mr. McNaught. Girthon is the centre of a parish or district a few miles to the west of Kirkcudbright, on the tongue of land which runs south towards

the Irish Sea. This reverend gentleman, who required Scott's professional advice and assistance, was, we grieve to record, charged with divers extremely uncanonical practices of which even Friar Tuck would have been ashamed; habitual drunkenness, singing lewd and profane songs, and, at a penny wedding, toying with what is known in Scotland as a "sweetie wife"—i.e. an itinerant vendor of gingerbread and sugar-plums. This unfortunate divine was moreover a J.P., and in that character he was accused of having promoted irregular unions; possibly on the plea which Douce Davie Deans so indignantly repudiated in the case of Margary Kittlesides and Duncan Finlayson, who "had southered sin wi' marriage." The trial took place before the General Assembly, and was of considerable length. Some specimens of Scott's advocacy are given in his biography. But whether it was owing to the grave and severe character of the tribunal, or to the evident guilt of the accused, or to the line of defence selected, the result was, in one sense, unfortunate. McNaught was deposed from the ministry, and it is hinted by Lockhart that Scott made rather a failure. Lovers of literature may see herein no cause for regret. Had Scott been as successful as Erskine was in the case of Baillie v. Sandwich, we might have had another great Scottish advocate, in the place of a writer of fine poems and healthy novels. We may mention that some of the songs alleged to have been sung by McNaught were found entered in Scott's handwriting at the end of the printed papers of the case, but they were of so grossly indecent a character that Lockhart could not print them. The visit, in those days of irregular intercourse, was not however thrown away. Scott evidently explored places of interest in the neighbourhood with the keen eye of a poet and the retentive memory of a geographer. It was his first and his last acquaintance with the most southern of Scottish counties. More than twenty years afterwards the recollections treasured up in this hasty visit found expression in the second of his novels, where, besides describing more than once the attractive scenery of the bay of Wigton, he introduced names of places and persons picked up in 1793; and the name of Mac-Guffog, one of the witnesses who testified against the deposed minister, figures as that of the well-known gauler at Portanferry. It will be remembered that the action of *Guy Mannerling* is carried on at three or even more places. There is the main centre of attraction round Ellangowan and Woodburne; the Colonel's visit to Edinburgh, where he met with hard-drinking lawyers and erudite divines; the badger hunt, and the leistering salmon in Liddesdale; and the episode of Mump's Hall. We shall confine ourselves in this paper to a short notice of the tract identified with the Astrologer.

It would have been strange if in a country which carries events of every kind, Highland and Lowland, to the stock of national credit, some attempt had not been made to identify particular houses and spots with those described in the novel. And, first and foremost, comes the cave of Dirk Hatteraick, which even in the author's lifetime was shown as that of the daring smuggler. We are bound to state that there are now no less than two rival caves, or certainly coves. This is probably owing to the circumstance that the Dutch skipper Yawkins, the original of Hatteraick, was in the habit of landing his contraband articles at the mouths both of the Cree and of the Dee. But the balance of probabilities inclines us to regard with favour a cave which is about six miles south of Cree Town, on the shores of the bay of Wigton, from which a grand view might have been had of the running fight between the sloop of war the *Shark* and the *Yung-frau Hagenslaapen*. The other cove or cave on the shores of the Dee, to the south of Kirkcudbright, must therefore rest contented with the honour of having been occasionally visited by the picturesque ruffian and his gang. Certain it is that there is a capital cave on the shore between Cree Town and Gate House—that is, between the mouths of the rivers Cree and Fleet—which exactly fits the thrilling incidents of the story. The entrance is by a small descent, provided with a ladder, which some evil-minded person has very lately removed; after a natural passage in the rock you reach a vault of some fourteen or fifteen feet in height, which would have afforded quite space enough for the fugitive to light a fire while Meg Merrilies disposed the "roughies" to keep away the wind, and to conceal her three confederates. The cliffs above might very easily have witnessed the gauger's leap; and huge boulders on the shore seem as if made for the express purpose of receiving his mangled body. In the distance can almost always be descried the whole outline of the Isle of Man. More to the south and west are the mountains of Cumberland above Allonby, from which Bertram sailed when he was destined to set foot on the "remains of the castle where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion"; and at no great distance from the cave is an old tower which might fairly represent that of Donagild, although the farmhouse of Carsluith, which is just under the said tower, can scarcely be said to command the "noble landscape" or to "look up to the stately ruins" described by Scott. Neither again would the same tower be a "gude landmark as far as Ramsay in Man and the Point of Ayr." But it is not a bad starting point for Scott's poetical imagination and his wonderfully graphic power. Woodburne, too, can easily be identified with the residence of a gentleman well known for his deep and minute acquaintance with agriculture, not far from Cree Town. And, in order to complete the resemblance, the library of this place has a splendid and "prodigious" collection of more than five thousand volumes. Then a new and substantial stone-built house, commanding the bay, has been lately named Hazlewood, in commemo-

ration of the tiresome baronet with his intolerable triads; and it would require only a little further stretch of the imagination to find, along the winding road and in the hazel copses, the exact place where Meg Merrilies ominously bade Godfrey Bertram "ride his ways," or the identical bank down which, in the first stage of their acquaintance, Colonel Mannering threatened to pitch Glossin. Readers who retain an accurate recollection of the incidents of the novel may yet bear to be reminded that, in the notes to *Guy Mannering*, Scott tells an anecdote of Yawkins in connexion with the Isles of Fleet, which lie at the mouth of the river of that name, and can be seen from a point on the shore just above Dirk Hatteraick's Cave. This freetrader was landing his cargo at a place below Kirkcudbright called Manxman's Lake, when he was observed by two revenue cutters, one of which came down on him from Rueberry Point, and the other from the Isles of Fleet. But the dauntless captain, in Scott's own words, "instantly weighed anchor, and bore right down between the luggers, so close that he tossed his hat on the deck of one and his wig on that of the other, hoisted a cask to his maintop, to show his occupation, and bore away under an extraordinary press of canvas without receiving injury."

For a combination of attractive Scotch scenery with anything but a bitter Scotch climate, the shores of the Dee, the Fleet, the Cree, and the Luce, can hardly be surpassed. The railway passes through a line of country, partly arable and partly pastoral, where the rustic's plough and the shepherd's staff seem to contend for the mastery. A single line of rail takes the traveller to the port of Stranraer, whence the sea trip to Ireland occupies only three hours; and it is significant of the power of steam to dis sever old ties, and to turn traffic into new channels, that the two county towns of the two southern counties of Scotland are at some miles distant from this single main line. Indeed, communication with Wigton, through a branch, has only been opened within the last few months. Tourists who can admire scenery which of course falls short of the romantic views of the Trosachs will here find many excellent inns; several excursions, which can only be performed by posting; abundance of lochs, here and there dotted with heathery islands; and some mountains of more than 2,000 and 2,500 feet in height, from which, in clear days, they can command a view of the Isle of Man, the hills of Cumberland, and the Irish coast at the same time.

There can be no doubt that Scott's intense love of localities and minute attention to picturesque details have been of immense service to cicerones, guides, local antiquaries, and innkeepers, in giving his fictions the semblance of visible and tangible realities. There was no incongruity in his descriptions; he never dragged in needlessly the Rhine or the rainbow; nor did he compose a landscape with that gross disregard of the physical nature of the country which Mr. Ruskin so unsparringly denounces in the case of Claude Lorraine. A cave, an old castle, a grey ruin, the windings of a trout stream, as he had looked on them months, or it may be years, past, were all present to his eye when he sat down to write. Many readers know to what an ordeal they are subjected in the Trosachs, where, as we read in the *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, "you are shown with as much gravity where the gallant Grey was lost, and where FitzJames and Ellen stood, as if they had been real persons and real events." But even Mrs. Hare's quiet good sense was hardly proof against the graphic fidelity with which Scott described the scenery of *Rob Roy*. Writing in 1819, when the secret of the *Waverley Novels* had not been divulged, she had the good fortune at Loch Awe to be accompanied by Dr. Graham, who pointed out the turns in the landscape which Scott, in his company, had particularly noticed. The novelist, we are told, sat for "twenty minutes without speaking" at the beautiful spot where Helen McGregor gave her breakfast, and we are therefore not in the least surprised to hear that Mrs. Hare was shown the rock from which the unhappy Morris was thrown, or the tree on which Baillie Nicol Jarvie hung, when he was "looted" by the Highlanders. Poetry will generally have the advantage over prose in these localizations, for the obvious reason that, for one man who can quote accurately a passage from the *Antiquary* or *Old Mortality*, a score will be found ready with couplets from *Marmion* or the *Lay*. But there are one or two other spots in Guy Mannering's country which ought not to be passed over. Lovers of the practical utility of the nineteenth century will be glad to hear that from a spot in the bay of Wigton, a few miles above Hatteraick's cave, solid blocks of granite are now cut and conveyed by water direct to the Mersey Docks. It was at a stake on the sands of the same bay that Margaret Wilson and her companion met their deaths with the firmness that characterizes the Scotch peasants; and a place not many miles inland was the scene of another of those murders perpetrated by military officers just two hundred years ago, with the sanction of the Privy Council. In the district of Minnigaff, on a farm the property of the Earl of Galloway, a tourist not deterred by a walk over boggy ground will be shown a damp hillock in the midst of a wood of elms and birch trees, which at one time was evidently crowned by a substantial cottage of stone. An ancient tombstone, surrounded by four solid walls, tells the passer-by that here lie "James and Robert Duns Thomas and John Stevensons James McClive Andrew McCall who were surprised at prayer in this House by Colonel Douglas Lieutenant Livingston and Cornet James Douglas and by them most impiously and cruelly murdered for their adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants National and Solemn League, 1685." We give the spelling literatim, and do not care to improve the inscription by punctuation. A more recent

tablet on one of the walls records that the monument was erected, or, as we read it, that the grave and stone were protected from the inroads of cattle, by the voluntary contributions of a congregation who waited on the ministrations of the Rev. Gavin Rowlett, of Whithorn, in the year 1827. It is commonly believed in the neighbourhood that one of the six martyrs managed to escape when the house was surrounded, swam across the adjoining lake—no small feat seeing that it was the month of January—and was taken the next day and shot ruthlessly like a prowling fox on the hills.

Plebeie Deciorum anime, plebeia fuerunt Nomina;

but more virtuous and worthier souls were certainly not found in *totis legionibus* or *omnibus auxiliis* of Claverhouse and his Life Guards.

From the second in date of the novels to one of the earliest of the author's longer poems is not a very great step; and the transit is facilitated in our case by a map of the Grampian Mountains which has just been published by Mr. Knipe, and to which we take this opportunity of drawing attention. It gives the outline and the heights of some of the most remarkable peaks between Ben Lomond and the Forest of Athol. The tourist who is desirous of tracing on the spot the different localities mentioned in the *Lady of the Lake* will find this chart a great assistance. He may ride leisurely, instead of sweeping through Ochertyre, and find out where the stag had drunk his fill in Glenartney. We warn him, however, that he must choose a day exceptionally favoured by the clearness of a Scotch autumn if he is really to enjoy the spectacle which Mr. Knipe has promised to those who have wind and legs sufficient to take them to the top of Ben Lomond. Probably there are not above three or four days in more than as many weeks when the atmosphere is sufficiently clear to allow the traveller to take in, as intimated, the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the German and Atlantic Oceans, Benmore in the Island of Mull, and the Lammermuir hills, Buianoch in Lochaber, and a big round hill called Cairnsmuir or Cairnsmore, not very far from Carsphairn and close to the country of Guy Mannering. Possibly this panorama has been taken in at one glance, but then the sightseer must be far more favoured than the wanderer in the *Thebaid* of Statius, who, standing on the Isthmus of Corinth,

In mediis audit duo littora campis.

Anything that tends to revive an interest in Scott's wholesome and manly literature we take to be a hopeful sign, and we do not know whether those who affect to despise the *Waverley Novels* are more to be pitied for their ignorance or envied for the pleasures which they have yet, on repentance, to discover and enjoy. It is not necessary, however, that they should approach Ellen's Isle or Dirk Hatteraick's cave in the spirit which we once heard prophetically ascribed to Englishmen by a lively Frenchman at the Castle of Chillon. Speaking of Scott's contemporary and friend, he said:—"Encore cinquante ans, et les Anglais n'y entreront qu'à genoux."

DR. HOOK.

IN Dr. Hook the Church of England has lost an excellent type of an Anglican Churchman. Eminently prudent and practical, disliking extremes of all kinds, and priding himself on his fidelity to *via media* traditions and principles, no man could take a side with more enthusiasm and self-forgetting generosity when the occasion seemed to him to demand it. To this rare combination of gallantry and sobriety he was, no doubt, chiefly indebted for his wonderful success. His general ability and administrative talents would indeed have ensured for him a successful career under any circumstances. But a capacity for organization alone will never produce a ruler and leader of men, any more than the most perfect machinery will of itself propel a steamboat. Steam to produce motion is quite as essential to progress as organization to regulate it; and the late Dean of Chichester possessed both in an exceptional degree. There are, speaking in the rough, two ways by which men who aspire to rule may achieve their purpose; one is by diplomatic management, the other by open, straightforward, unflinching pursuit of the end in view. And the two most conspicuous examples of each method among the English ecclesiastics of our generation were undoubtedly the late Bishop of Winchester and the late Dean of Chichester. Each was a born ruler of men, but in vastly different ways. There are some men who love to circumvent obstacles, to turn the flank of an opponent, and "catch him with guile," in the apostolic sense of the phrase; and of this class Bishop Wilberforce was an eminent type. He took a sincere delight in adroit management, in subtle combinations, in checkmating a difficulty rather than surmounting it. And he was generally successful, but grievously misunderstood. For those who only saw the outside of him put down to insincerity of character the tactics by which he sometimes overcame opposition. Yet no Bishop on the bench was at heart, we believe, more sincere than Dr. Wilberforce.

Dr. Hook's mind was cast in a totally different mould. Though a notable and forcible preacher, and a telling speaker in his own way, he was no orator, and he was rather an entertaining than a brilliant conversationalist. But he was endowed with qualities which John Bull loves dearly. He had an indomitable pluck which always impelled him to take the weaker side whenever he could do so conscientiously, and he said straight out what he

meant in the plainest language he could command. The following passage in a generally fair obituary notice of him in the *Times* is one of those half truths which really suggest a false impression:—

He could not fall in with the open, though gradual, estrangement of Dr. Newman from the Anglican faith, nor could he sympathize with the still more anomalous position taken up by Dr. Pusey. And if this was so a quarter of a century ago, what wonder that he never made common cause with the more recent Ritualistic school?

What the writer means by "the still more anomalous position taken up by Dr. Pusey" we are unable to guess, unless it be that Dr. Pusey has stuck to the Church of England through good report and evil report, while Dr. Newman despaired of her, and transferred his brilliant services to a rival. It is true, however, that there were some elements in the later phases of the Tractarian movement with which Dr. Hook did not sympathize, and his dissatisfaction culminated on the publication of Tract 90. But it is not true, as suggested by the writer in the *Times*, that Dr. Hook deserted the leaders of the Tractarian party on that occasion. On the contrary, his conduct in the furious controversy which Tract 90 aroused is one of the most honourable traits in his honourable career. There are men who desert their party, while in full sympathy with it in the main, the moment it gets into trouble on some points of detail through the indiscretion of its leaders. They can say with perfect sincerity that they have no sympathy with the particular development of doctrine or ritual which has exposed the party to unpopularity, and it is with a placid conscience, therefore, that they abandon their whilom friends to their fate, forgetting that they are putting in jeopardy the large body of truths which they prize, in their indignation against the few errors which an indiscreet zeal may have grafted upon it. On all crucial occasions Dr. Hook's conduct was precisely the reverse of this. He disapproved of some things in Tract 90, but the moment the storm broke over the head of its author, Dr. Hook, with characteristic generosity, took his place by his side and faced his assailants. The following noble passage from his published Letter to the Bishop of Ripon on the occasion defines very clearly the principle which he laid down for his own guidance in all such emergencies:—

It is a fact, an undeniable fact, that there are two Parties in the Church of England; the High Church Party and the Low Church Party. And the act of the Hebdomadal Board renders it absolutely necessary for us to range ourselves on the one side or on the other. That is to say, we must join that party with which in general principles we agree, and not desert it merely because we may think that a few individuals may have expressed themselves on some points incautiously, or have been hurried into acts which a colder and calmer judgment may condemn. I cannot illustrate my position better than by mentioning what occurred to myself and the several other clergymen whose names I have no objection to mention in private to your Lordship. On the publication of the 60th Tract for the *Times* I determined to point out in a pamphlet what I considered to be its errors. But the moment I heard that the writer was to be silenced, not by argument, but by a usurped authority, that moment I determined to renounce my intention; that moment I determined to take my stand with him, because, though I did not altogether approve of a particular tract, yet in general principles, in the very principle advocated in that tract, I did agree with him—in a word, I was compelled by circumstances to act as a party man. And, in justice to one whom I am proud to call my friend, I am bound to say that Mr. Newman's explanatory letter to Dr. Jelf is to my mind perfectly satisfactory.

If those in authority had dealt with the great intellectual leader of the Tractarian party in this fair and generous spirit, the Church of England would not have been exposed to the reproach of having driven him across her borders, nor that of Rome to the embarrassment of not knowing how to use his gifts. That the task of educating the sons of the Roman Catholic nobility and gentry of England should have been refused to Dr. Newman and entrusted to Mgr. Capel is perhaps the most forcible illustration of the divorce between Vaticanism and civilization that our generation has witnessed. But what we are at present concerned in is to vindicate Dr. Hook's memory from the very erroneous impression which the *Times* has presented of one aspect of his character. His great work and wonderful success cannot be fairly estimated, or even understood, without a clear appreciation of the dash and gallantry which were blended with his sober common sense. No one could point out the errors of his friends with more honest directness while the question was left in the arena of fair controversy; but the moment any attempt was made to substitute ignorant claptrap or perversion of facts for fair argument, Dr. Hook at once took his place in their ranks. It was so, as we have seen, in the case of Dr. Newman; and Dr. Hook's attitude towards the Ritualists affords another illustration. The indiscretions and subsequent secession of almost the entire staff of clergy at St. Saviour's, Leeds, tried the Vicar very sorely, and threw him for a long time into an attitude of mistrust and antagonism towards the more advanced wing of the High Church party. To this feeling he gave a mild and temperate expression in an essay on "Anglican Principles," published in 1870 in a volume of essays entitled "The Church and the Age." But as soon as an attempt was made to put down Ritualism by unfair means, Dr. Hook, *more suo*, took the part of the Ritualists. He protested publicly and privately against the Purchas Judgment, and abhorred with all his heart the Public Worship Regulation Act, and the manoeuvres by means of which it was foisted into the Statute-book. And those who have read his last published volume of the *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury* will have no difficulty in discovering his opinion of some recent events in his discussion of transactions three centuries old.

This chivalrous honesty and directness of aim was one of the chief secrets of his influence through life. People might dis-

agree with him as much as they liked; but they always understood him, and always knew where to find him. He was ready on all occasions to tell his mind with the utmost frankness to the working-men of Leeds; but they saw that he spoke with just the same frankness to those above them, up to the Queen upon the throne, and they trusted him accordingly. And so it happened that, whenever they wanted a spokesman or a referee, they turned instinctively to the Vicar. When the Queen visited Leeds, Dr. Hook was unanimously asked to present the address which 20,000 persons belonging to the various Benefit Societies presented to Her Majesty. When, on another occasion, the working-men of Leeds went out on strike, and eventually agreed to a compromise with their employers, they at once requested Dr. Hook to act as a referee on their behalf. When the history of the Oxford movement shall be written fully and impartially, as we trust it will be some day, it will be found that Dr. Hook is entitled to a share in the credit of its success hardly inferior to any. He brought down its motive forces from the region of the intellect and the imagination to that of daily life; from the college to the cottage; from the schools of learning to the lanes and market-place of a dirty manufacturing city. The working-men of England would have continued to care very little about Apostolic Succession or the Vincentian Rule if they had not seen them exemplified in lives like Dr. Hook's. Tractarianism wore a different aspect to the men of Leeds when they saw its fruits in the bravery and honesty and self-sacrificing labours of their trusted Vicar. When he told them that the Church was an organized society, instituted by God for the regeneration of humanity, having a life and mission and responsibilities of its own which were altogether independent of its accidental connexion with the State; that the Reformation did not break the continuity of its existence in England, but merely "washed its face" of the accumulated corruptions of centuries; that it was therefore still the Church of the saints and martyrs of the primitive ages, and that consequently whatever was good, and comely, and of good report in its doctrines or worship in the good old time could not be bad and detestable now; then the working-men could understand why the Vicar disliked schism, and false doctrine, and slovenly worship. Then they understood why he asked money to build schools, and churches, and parsonages; and why also the old parish church should be restored and made meet for the worship of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, yet loves to be approached "in the beauty of holiness."

In this brief sketch of Dr. Hook's character we have been more anxious to point out the true springs of his greatness and success than to enumerate his works or trace the incidents of his life. That has been done by others, and will probably be done more fully hereafter. His literary labours, in so far at least as his *magnum opus* is concerned, have been regularly chronicled and appraised in our pages. That he should have composed in so comparatively short a time a work so large and involving no inconsiderable research, in the leisure of a deanery, is, after all, perhaps not a very remarkable achievement. The wonder is that he found time during his busy life at Leeds to throw off an amount of literary work which, apart from the *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, entitles him to a conspicuous place in the literature of the Oxford movement. He had the prescience to hit the core of many of the questions of the day long before other leaders of parties in Church and State were able to discern the signs of the times. This is eminently true of his pamphlet "On the Means of Rendering more Efficient the Education of the People." Mr. Gladstone justly praised it five years ago in his place in Parliament for "the sagacious forethought it displayed." If his advice had been taken before it became too late, it would at least have saved us from that most illogical of mischievous compromises—the Cowper-Temple Clause.

AMATEUR GOVERNESSES.

A SEVERE but well-deserved attack on a worthless historical book having appeared in a certain periodical, a gentleman known to be on the staff of the paper was asked if he had written it. He replied that he entirely agreed with the review, but could not have written it, as he knew the author of the book had thirteen children, and depended on his pen to feed and clothe them. Some such feeling prevents people who are thoroughly aware of the lamentable inefficiency of a large proportion of our English governesses from expressing their opinions on the subject publicly as they ought to do. They think it cruel to prevent well-meaning and destitute young women from earning a livelihood in the only line apparently open to them. In pity for the would-be governesses, who are no doubt much to be commiserated, they forget the children who will suffer irreparable injury from ignorant and inefficient teaching. It is a mistaken philanthropy which would sacrifice the rising generation to provide occupation for the portionless daughters of professional men. It is scarcely prudent to shut our eyes to a state of things which is likely to grow worse instead of better. The supply of competent governesses is already far below the demand. A benevolent lady who started a Home for governesses, and thought to be able to provide families with suitable teachers, was obliged to close it; she could find so few wanting situations whom she could conscientiously recommend. It will soon be scarcely possible to get good teachers at anything like a moderate salary. Sensible girls will en-

deavour to fit themselves to become mistresses in the middle-class schools rising on all sides, in which salaries as high as several hundreds a year may be expected in some cases. Others will take situations under the School Boards, which can be made fairly remunerative. Some, with a taste for music, will learn to play sufficiently well on the violin or viola to take their place in an orchestra, while those who have a taste for drawing will soon discover openings for themselves as decorators. There is literary employment to be found by women who, though they may not be able to write a successful novel, may yet earn a fair income by hard work. The clever and accomplished teachers who, recognizing the dignity of their calling, have learnt how to fulfil their duties, will easily find situations amongst the rich and upper classes. The prim, experienced governess, who is determined to mould all her pupils after one pattern, will never be without pupils to fustigate. Only the uneducated, listless, useless young girls who are driven each year into the profession merely by poverty will be left for those who are not able to pay a large salary and are unwilling to send their daughters to school. If local examinations of children under private tuition could be held by School Inspectors, parents would soon become aware of the unsatisfactory position which their little girls hold in comparison with those under the care of the State. They might perhaps be persuaded to be content for the present with fewer accomplishments, and induced to start some inexpensive training colleges, where instruction in the theory and method of teaching would be given, and notice taken of practical ability in imparting knowledge.

It is no exaggeration to assert that there are at present thousands of women holding the situations of governesses who have had no proper education, no necessary training, and who are entirely destitute of the moral force indispensable to success in their employment. It would be strange if it were otherwise. Many girls know that on the death of their parents they will be obliged to do something whereby they may eat a morsel of bread, but they try to forget the unwelcome fact, and trust to marriage or the chapter of accidents to relieve them from their dreaded fate. At last, however, the sad necessity comes when perhaps least expected. Forced to decide at once, they determine to become governesses. Not even the preliminary examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic, which they would have to pass in order to become hall-porter at one of the Government offices, is required. To take an everyday type, let us imagine the daughter of an obscure country doctor, and consider the preparation she receives for becoming an instructress of youth. She is brought up in a narrow circle of commonplace people, with no means of enlarging her mind by social intercourse, but every opportunity of getting it debased by village gossip. No box of library books comes to tell her of the achievements of science, or the new lights thrown on history and on hitherto unexplored countries. She never dreams of studying the Bible, the Shakespeare, the Milton, the Gibbon, which lie covered with dust on her father's shelves. No reviews or better-class magazines are within her reach. She knows nothing and cares nothing about home politics or the complications of foreign States. Perhaps she has not even been allowed to read the few newspapers which find their way to her retired home. She is certain not to have the faintest idea of the present boundaries of European States, and to be quite in the dark about the simplest questions of political economy. She finds her most congenial reading in the *Family Herald*, and thinks that most value for her scarce sixpences is to be had in the novels republished from *Bow Bells*. She can play a little dance music and sing a few trumpy songs, but it is very probable that she has never in her life heard a fine piece of music finely performed. She perhaps paints impossible flowers on cardboard fire-screens, and may have seen an exhibition at the Royal Academy; but she knows nothing about art, and could not draw a cup and saucer from the round. She knows scarcely anything about the scenery or architecture of her own country, and would not dream of trying to learn about the birds, the ferns, the wild flowers, the butterflies, the trees which surround her home. She cannot write an ordinary business letter with clearness or in faultless grammar, nor perhaps even spell correctly. She has happily so far forgotten any little French she once knew that she does not quote that language in ordinary conversation, but only uses certain phrases in writing of whose meaning she is not very clear. Her greatest excitement has been the coming of age of the young squire, and the only break in the monotony of her life the successive flirtations she has had with the raw youths who have been her father's assistants. Not having been able to secure one of these as a husband, she is at last driven to seek for a situation as governess, and advertises that she can teach English in all its branches, music, drawing, geography, and modern languages. But more fatal even than her ignorance is the distaste with which she undertakes her work when she succeeds in getting any. It is to her an odious treadmill, a forced labour, an un congenial employment, a position more or less of degradation. The ordinary amateur governess, who is driven by necessity to teaching as a means whereby to provide herself with board and lodging, enters her situation as a convict under sentence enters his prison. She is obliged to spend a certain number of hours daily in what she is pleased to call the education of her pupils. It is with a sigh of relief that she sees the lesson books put back in their cupboards, and can take up her lacework. She hails with scarcely concealed delight an unexpected holiday, a picnic, even an attack of illness or a death in the house—anything which will relieve her for even a little while from the monotony of the task which becomes increasingly irksome. She does not think highly of her office,

so she cannot prevent her pupils from despising it. At one time she domineers unnecessarily to show her power. At another she overlooks disobedience to the laws she has made, and which, having been made, ought to be enforced. She is ignorant, therefore she naturally resents questions being asked which she fancies are intended to test her acquirements. She deals with her small quantity of information as a treasure to be imparted in scanty detached portions at rare times, but too precious to be given in large doses. She has no store of illustrations or details to make history a living study to her pupils, nor any reminiscences of places, or recollections of travels she has read, to render a lesson in geography interesting. When in a good humour, she confides to her pupils the details of her domestic troubles and the small trivialities of her early life, and reads them her love-letters, if she is so fortunate as to have received any. She is familiar with them in a wrong way, and weakens her authority and lowers herself in their eyes in order to gain their friendship, forgetting that children are very sharp and keenly alive to discover human weaknesses. They are always watching their teachers to discover little flaws in them in return for the rebukes they receive for their own imperfections. We want a new system of training for governesses which shall insist on some knowledge of physiology. Few are now properly instructed in the laws of health, so that they are not prepared to perceive quickly and make allowance for the temporary derangements to which all children are subject. They will call a pupil naughty who is only nervous, and another idle who has simply got a fit of indigestion, and is unable to use her faculties properly.

A French lady who has lately published an excellent little manual called *Pupil versus Teacher* (Trübner & Co.) gives it as her opinion that the training of youthful minds cannot be properly done by a spiritless teacher driven by necessity to undertake the employment, and perpetually brooding over the troubles which have forced her to provide for her own maintenance. This lady further remarks that, from her own experience, she considers that English girls up to the age of ten are charming, and have every attractive quality which ought to belong to childhood; that they are really quite ideal pupils, having "warm feelings, pretty ways, original ideas, quick perceptions, a good memory, a ready intelligence, a great desire for information." She does not draw at all the same flattering picture of these same girls at sixteen, and considers that, through sheer mismanagement, they have been brought to dislike learning and to find all study distasteful. They have not acquired the gentle forbearance, subtle sympathy, ready tact, courteous deference, and well-cultivated taste which a Frenchwoman thinks of such importance to her children. At sixteen they are listless, reserved, and indifferent to things in which their interest ought to have been cultivated. They have either lost their warm feelings or do not show them, their manners are brusque, and the soft graces, the harmonious tastes, the gracious deportment which are expected from a woman have been ignored in the schoolroom, and not taught by the mothers. Their knowledge of music is superficial and without discrimination; about art, in the true sense of the word, they know nothing. "Their memory, burdened with absurd fragments of science, is weakened; their intelligence, wasted on superficial smatterings, is undeveloped; their thirst for knowledge, lacking proper stimulant, has perished altogether." Such is the opinion of a French teacher of experience, an opinion in which many girls who have lately passed through the schoolroom and are now feeling the deficiencies of their education will be strongly inclined to agree with her. A mother resigns her children into the hands of a person of whom she knows little or nothing, and yet the ordinary governess is not supposed to train them in any of the things most important to them in after life. These are supposed to come with long dresses and late dinners. All that might help to form the judgment, exercise the powers of reflection, teach a wise reticence and encourage an honourable candour, or enable the mind to form a judicious opinion upon conflicting statements—all, in short, which would really enlarge the intellect is left out of the education of the girls who are entrusted to the care of untrained, undeveloped amateur governesses.

KIDWELLY.

WE spoke some little time back, when commenting on the late meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, of Kidwelly as that one among the places visited in the course of the excursions which deserved some further and special notice. First of all, we may give a warning as to the name. The traveller who draws near to Kidwelly by the most likely road, that is by the road which will take him either from London or from Bristol, will, before he reaches Kidwelly, pass by Llanely. This name may suggest to him that he has reached a fit place for practising that sound so mysterious to modern Englishmen, but which their forefathers uttered with perfect ease whenever they had to speak about either a loaf, a lord, or a lady. In the name Llanely the sound which has vanished from the modern forms of *hlaef*, *hlaforð*, and *hlaefdige* has certainly to be uttered twice. The Llanely of the south is as great a problem as the Llangollen of the north. But let no one who has succeeded in giving the due sound to Llanely be so puffed up with his success as to go on further and pronounce Kidwelly after the same pattern. The *W* in Kidwelly is a mere English barbarism; the first syllable is spelled a dozen

ways in the Welsh Chronicles, but the latter part of the word is always *weli*, or something to that effect. In short, the English visitor to Kidwelly need give himself no trouble about the name of the place. He will come nearest to the true British sound if he sounds the name as he would sound it if he came upon it in Kent or Norfolk.

The visitor who thus reaches Kidwelly by the Great Western Railway will find a small town—if he is very metropolitan in his ways of thinking, he may be inclined to call it a village—of which the most prominent feature in the immediate neighbourhood is a tall spire, a most unusual feature in that neighbourhood. Further off, beyond the little river Gwendraeth, he will see, rising above church and town, a castle which is very far from being the largest of the South-Welsh castles, but which, as a real artistic design, may hold its own against any military building in South Wales or anywhere else. The castle, the church, and the collection of houses dignified with the name of a borough, are commonly the elements which go to make up one of these small Welsh towns. In some cases however the church is absent. That is to say, the town was an absolutely new creation of the Norman or English conquerors, whichever we are to call them. In such cases the town does not form an ecclesiastical parish; it simply stands within some elder parish, the church of which may be near or far off, as may happen. Thus at Newport on the Usk the castle and town were founded by the river-side at the foot of the hill. The old parish church of St. Woollos stands without the wall at the top of the hill, and it is only the modern growth of Newport which has carried the town up to the church. But in other cases, and at Kidwelly among them, the town was not a new creation of the conquerors; it was simply a place taken possession of by them and applied to their own uses. The town in such cases existed already; what the conquerors did was, to give it new inhabitants, to build a castle to protect or to threaten it, and sooner or later to give it an English municipal constitution. And very commonly the church grew into a religious foundation of some kind or other. In all these ways Kidwelly is typical; the castle, the priory, and the borough are all there. The municipal history of these Welsh towns is a subject which it would be specially worth the pains of some one versed in municipal matters to work out thoroughly. Each of them was a foreign colony in a conquered land, and in each of them men of all nations except the conquered were welcome. Ages after the Christian era Alexandria was still, in its own belief, peopled by men of Macedonia—that is to say, men of anywhere except native Egyptians. So the burghers of Kidwelly, in the twelfth century and doubtless long after, were distinguished among themselves as French, English, and Flemish. The Briton had no place at all. If he was allowed to dwell within the municipal circuit, he was at least not admitted to municipal rights. At Kidwelly, as in so many other places, there is an old town and a new. The old town stood on the same side of the river as the castle, while the new town, with the priory, was on the other side. That is, most likely, the castle supplanted an older native settlement on the high ground, while the new town of the French, English, and Flemish burghers arose, where there was more room for it, on the other side of the stream. Thus far the history of Kidwelly is a miniature copy of the history of Lincoln and Cambridge. The town, with its ancient bridge, and the ancient houses which here, as elsewhere, are fast giving way to modern love of destruction, has that peculiar air which belongs to towns of the smallest and least busy class, towns which have an air of far less life than the mere open village. The municipal archives of Kidwelly are said to be rich, and Sir Charles Dilke may like to know that the borough, like London, New Romney, and some others, still remains unreformed.

But while the municipal element in Kidwelly, though still there, has in some sort to be looked for, the ecclesiastical and still more the military element force themselves at once on the eye. The South-Welsh coast is, as a whole, rather rich in churches—that is, if the traveller will accept a kind of wealth which does not consist in size or splendour, but in a class of buildings which almost always have a good picturesque outline, which suit the scenery, and bear on them the impress of the history of the country. The military towers of the churches along this coast, from Monmouthshire to Pembrokeshire, are well worth study, but Caermarthenshire, as a whole, has less to show in the ecclesiastical way than its neighbours on either side. But Kidwelly, as becomes a monastic church, is one of the exceptional class of larger and finer buildings which ever and anon diversify the small and plain, but picturesque, churches which are characteristic of the country. Not that Kidwelly priory would pass as a fine church in Somerset or Norfolk, or that it has in the least the character of a minster; still it is large and striking and stately after its own fashion. A long, broad, aisleless nave, cruelly cut short at the west end, would, if it were only vaulted, not be out of place in Anjou or Aquitaine. The tower and spire on the north side look as if a local architect, used to the military towers of the district, had made a journey into Northamptonshire, and had brought back some rude notions of a broach spire. The church is cruciform, though without a central tower, and the choir, with some eccentricities, such as a strangely flat chancel arch, is not a bad specimen of work of the fourteenth century. The priory was a cell to the Abbey of Sherborne; the date of its foundation is doubtful, but it existed in 1291; but the connexion of the place with Sherborne is much earlier. The famous Bishop Roger, the founder of Sherborne as a distinct monastery, gave to that house lands at Kidwelly, at which time the burghers of the three nations also

granted certain tithes. And it is to be noticed that, among the witnesses to Roger's grant, we find two men with purely English names holding the two most important local posts:—"Edmundus qui tunc castellum de Cadweli custodiebat et Alwinus presbyter ville."

The castle, then, was in being and in English hands in the time of Henry the First. It had already been ravaged by English invaders as early as 993, and, exactly a hundred years later, came the invasion, Norman or English, as we may call it, with which the history of the place really begins. Somewhat after Bishop Roger's time, it belonged to a certain Maurice of London, who, with his son William, made grants to the church of Kidwelly and to the monks of Sherborne. For this Maurice a pedigree has of course been devised, by which he, whose date was about 1150, is made fourth in descent from William, the alleged conqueror of 1093. It may be so; but the generations of the house of London would seem to have been wonderfully short, and in singular contrast to the length of those of the family which is said to have succeeded them. We are told of a certain Patrick of Cahors or Chaworth, who was living in 1194, but whose father came in with the Conqueror. Here we are landed in the chronology of *Ivanhoe*, and we turn from the pedigree-makers to the fact recorded in the Welsh Chronicles, that in 1190 the Welsh prince Rhys built the castle of Kidwelly. At that time, then, the house of London, whatever their ancestry may have been, could not have been in actual possession. All this is important, rather as showing the kind of materials out of which the history of Wales will have to be put together when any real scholar shall take it in hand, than as throwing any light on the buildings which are now actually standing at Kidwelly. Whatever either Maurice or Rhys may have built, it is not there now. The present castle clearly belongs to the latter part of the thirteenth century, when it was in possession of the house of Cahors or Chaworth. From them it passed by marriage to the Earls and Dukes of Lancaster, and so became part of the Lancaster duchy, from which in later times it has again passed into private hands. Save the later gatehouse, the whole building is of a piece—a court surrounded by four round towers. Two other large round towers flank the gateway, and another stands at its outer side. Few castles have an outline at once so compact and so picturesque; but the distinguishing feature of the dwelling is to be looked for at the eastern side, where the art of the military and that of the ecclesiastical architect have worked together with a skill which is beyond praise. At Kidwelly the chapel was to be a main feature of the building. It was not to be a mere room stowed away in one corner, where the inquirer finds it with difficulty. But in a castle by no means on the greatest scale, it was not to be a separate building, as at Bamburgh and once at Alnwick; still less to be a complete church, a miniature minster, as at Warkworth. A polygonal projection—the chapel tower—was thrown out from the east face of the castle, and an apsidal end was thus provided for the chapel in its upper story. A projection again from this tower provides in its upper stage the quarters of the chaplain; the castle, in short, has an ecclesiastical quarter, and that one which stands forth from the main line of defence, as if trusting to its sacred character. Nothing was ever more skillfully devised as a matter of arrangement; nothing was ever more skillfully carried out in the matter of execution. The castle chapel at Kidwelly is the very model of its own class; no form, no details, could have been better devised for a building which forms part of a military structure, but is not itself military. The work, well finished but not richly ornamented, is what exactly suits its position. Its range of trefoil lancets proclaims the chapel as a part of the building which has a character of its own, while they do not stand out in any violent contrast to the plainer and more strictly military parts of the buildings. The actual founder of the castle can only be guessed at; the name of his architect has utterly perished; but, like so many other builders of churches and castles whose names we cannot hope to recover, he must have been a man of no mean order of genius in his own art, and his employer, one would think, must have been one who was able to appreciate his skill.

GREEN TEA.

ALL tea imported into this country after the 1st of January next will be subject to examination by officers of the Commissioners of Customs, and if, upon analysis, it shall be found to be mixed with other substances, or "exhausted tea," it shall not be delivered unless with the sanction of the Commissioners, and on such terms as they shall direct; but if on analysis it shall appear that such tea is unfit for human food, the same shall be destroyed. The Act contains a definition of "exhausted tea," which we need not quote, as the term explains itself. The principal enactment, however, may mean much or little according to the view taken of it by the Commissioners, and a firm of tea importers in the City have unsuccessfully endeavoured to find out what that view is. The Commissioners decline to state what course they will adopt, and only say that each case that arises will be dealt with on its own merits. The correspondence has been published, and a discussion has arisen in the newspapers of which the effect may perhaps be to furnish indirectly the answer which the Commissioners withhold. We are told that the "facing" of tea, like the colouring of brandy

or port wine, does not affect its quality, and that the process is necessary, or at least harmless. We are not much impressed with the argument of necessity, but it may be allowed that green tea is a fashion in England at least equally reasonable with other fashions in this or other countries. The first example that occurs to us is that of lard, which is largely eaten by the lower class of Spaniards, and almost always coloured to make it look pretty. If brandy were made from grapes it would not be brown, and yet so habitually do most people look for deep colour in this spirit that "pale brandy" is sold by dealers as if it were the exception and not the rule. The manufacture of port wine for the English market has been discouraged by change of taste, but while it flourished colouring matter was regularly used. Domestic examples of the same kind are the practice of "greening" pickles and that of using cochineal to give a purple colour to baked pears. Dr. Hassall, writing to the *Times*, explains that there is a real difference between black tea and green tea, but as the latter, although it is green, does not always look so, the practice grew up of "facing" it, and this practice was found a convenient cover for adulteration. The leaves of which green tea is made are gathered from plants which have grown in well-manured soils, and which are not subjected, as is black tea, to a preliminary process of fermentation, but are dried more quickly and before they have undergone any marked change from keeping. These differences in the process of preparation cause the leaf, when softened and unrolled by means of immersion in hot water, to be black in the one case and more or less green in the other. When dried, however, the difference of colour is scarcely perceptible, and hence, in order to mark more clearly the distinction between black and green tea, the practice has arisen of imparting to the latter "an obvious viridity" by means of various pigmentary substances. Dr. Hassall believes that, if it were imperative that all "faced" green teas should be sold as "faced," the English merchants would gradually decline to purchase these green teas, as they would be less saleable; and hence the Chinese manufacturer would be led to forego the practice of artificially painting or colouring his green tea, and we should at length receive the article in its natural or uncoloured condition.

This expectation of Dr. Hassall's appears reasonable, and the Act of last Session empowers the Commissioners of Customs to do what he suggests. If upon analysis tea shall be found to be mixed with other substances, such as Prussian blue, indigo, or turmeric, the same shall only be delivered for consumption on such terms as the Commissioners shall direct, and the Commissioners might, if they pleased, direct that every package should be indelibly marked as "faced." The grocers would thus know what they were buying, and consumers might know also if they insisted on it. Dr. Hassall tells us that it has never yet been shown that the artificial coloration of green tea serves any useful purpose whatever, and we incline to believe him. But this coloration may perhaps stop short of making tea "unfit for human food"; and if so, it need not be destroyed, but might be sold as "faced" tea to those who like to buy it. We cannot tell how long fashion or custom may endure. Women are the chief tea-drinkers, and, as some of them "face" themselves, they may perhaps like a little colouring matter in their tea. We should think that a more simple taste alike in complexion, hair, and drink would be an improvement, but this is only our opinion, and ladies will of course please themselves. Dr. Hassall tells us that the higher the quality of the green tea the more lightly it is coated, and the large amount of colouring matter employed in facing the lower qualities serves as a cover for various objectionable adulterations, such as foreign leaves and "lie tea." In effect, the consumers of "faced" tea have taken to it for the benefit of manufacturers and importers, and it will be their own fault if they go on using it. Both Dr. Hassall and Mr. Edward Money agree in stating that Indian green teas are not "faced," and yet these teas are green, at least when the leaves are moistened and unrolled. A "Manchester Tea Firm," also writing to the *Times*, urges that the Commissioners should absolutely prohibit the entrance for home consumption of all "faced" green teas; but that perhaps would be rather a strong measure to take at first. If, however, the public understands the question, and really desires to be delivered from these teas of "obvious viridity," the Commissioners will, no doubt, be prepared, after a time, to exert their power. We are happy to learn that this Manchester firm can without difficulty procure as much absolutely pure green tea as their trade requires, and we should suggest that such tea might be conveniently designated "Indian" or "invisible" green tea. They say that the colouring matter is placed in green tea to deceive the eye, to disguise the faded leaves, and the "lie tea," and it is "a filthy compound" of silicate of magnesium, Prussian blue, "and other dirt." The Chinese say they could send an unlimited supply of pure instead of painted green tea, and would do so if they knew that the latter would not be admitted to our market. We may remark by way of illustration that the Portuguese are said to have checked of late years their manufacture of port wine for the English market, finding that this ingenious compound, although admitted, is not favoured as it used to be.

This question, however, like most others, has, or pretends to have, two sides. Another writer in the *Times* asserts that some of the finest teas imported into this country are green teas with a slight facing of colour, and that such slight facing is almost a necessity for the proper preservation of the leaf when made into green tea. This writer substantially agrees with Dr. Hassall in saying that the difference between green and black tea is in the preparation. For green tea the leaf is "fired"

within two hours of picking, and retains certain properties rendering it more liable to the action of the atmosphere, against which, he says, the "slight facing" is an important preservative agency. He no doubt believes this, but he will hardly induce many readers to believe it. He argues that in most additions to articles of food there is usually some ground of reasonableness in the first adoption, but surely the primary object of painting tea was to colour it, and we cannot admit that that is reasonable. If, indeed, hastily dried tea requires to be washed with Prussian blue to make it keep, we should say that tea had better be dried more deliberately, and if all distinctions between green and black tea were thus obliterated, the world would still be able to turn round. The same writer admits that the facility given by artificial facing was used to pass off inferior produce, but this, he says, has been "stamped out" by the Adulterations Act, and we are glad to hear it. If he or anybody else can persuade the Commissioners that paint is necessary for the preservation of the quality of tea, that opinion will no doubt influence their practice under the new Act; but we could quite as readily believe that rouge preserves a woman's face. Another Correspondent of the *Times* states that both green and black tea may be made from the same tree, and several varieties of black tea may be produced by varying the sieve with which the leaves are sifted. We also learn that if "faced" tea is damaged on the voyage, it may be "unfaced," and thus becomes that pure green tea which the Manchester firm so much commended. The discussion has at any rate been useful in opening to the public some secrets of the trade.

It may be remembered that a prosecution under the Adulterations Act of 1872 first drew public attention to this practice of "facing" tea. It was said that dealers could not help selling such tea as was imported, and that the only way to prevent the sale of "faced" tea was to stop it in the importer's hand. The Act of last Session was probably intended to effect this, and it repealed the Act of 1872, and substituted for it some delightfully vague enactments. "No person shall sell to the prejudice of the purchaser any article of food which is not of the nature, substance, and quality of the article demanded by such purchaser." These words are, we suppose, intended to have some remote bearing on what is commonly called adulteration. A magistrate might convict under them or he might not. If we test them in the case of tea, they will appear to have no practical significance. Who shall prove that the sale was "to the prejudice of the purchaser"? And what is prejudice? It is used in a loose sense to signify harm or damage, and as our Legislature delights in slipshod language, it probably meant this. It might be difficult, however, to prove "prejudice" to a purchaser from using "faced" tea, and a magistrate would not be bound to act on the opinion of an analyst that such tea was "injurious to health." It appears, therefore, that if "faced" tea once gets into the grocer's hands, he may with tolerable safety sell it; and thus we come back to the Commissioners of Customs, who undoubtedly can stop this article if they think fit. If it be true that all tea comes from the same plants, we might perhaps save ourselves some trouble as to its quality. Travellers have conjectured that wines charged at various prices at an hotel have been drawn from the same cask, and probably they were not far wrong. But if an hotelkeeper has only a limited stock, and his guests require variety, it is not wonderful if he adopts some short method of supplying it. Something of the same kind has probably been done in the tea trade. But still it is rather startling to be told that pekoe, souchong, congou, can all come off the same tree, and we could more readily believe that both port and sherry could be made out of potatoes. One may perhaps infer from this discussion that it is not worth while to pay for teas high prices which seldom represent any corresponding exaltation in quality.

THE THEATRES.

THE manager of the Mirror Theatre in Holborn has made an experiment to which we may wish rather than hope success. The play called *All for Her* deserves praise not only for what it is, but for what it attempts to be, and although the authors tell us that they have derived the principal character from a tale of Dickens, they are entitled to the credit of inventing a drama in which that character can appear effectively. When we say that this is a love story, and that the hero dies on a scaffold at Carlisle to secure for his rival the happiness denied to himself, we shall probably excite wonder that any manager should have ventured so far out of the beaten track. There was produced at the Court Theatre not long ago a strange, wild play containing much forcible poetry, and destined only too manifestly to a short life. The gloom of *All for Her* is mitigated by many sarcastic speeches of the hero, Hugh Trevor, which perhaps may win popularity for the play. This hero is the elder and supposed illegitimate son of the late Lord Edendale, and both he and his younger brother, who bears the title, are in love with the same lady, but with this difference, that the love of the younger is avowed and returned, while that of the elder is secret and known to himself to be, from his own conduct and circumstances, hopeless. He has been thrown young and unguided into London life, has spent his portion, wasted his life, and hardly retained amid drink and dissipation the instincts of a gentleman. In a scene between the two brothers he compares himself and

the young lord to Cain and Abel, and with mingled humour and pathos suggests that even for Cain there might have been something said if history would have given itself the trouble. His brother is involved in a Jacobite conspiracy, and is in danger of arrest, and Lady Marsden implores him to warn and save the man who holds alike in fortune and in love the place which might have been his own. The promise which he makes and keeps brings him, in the last act, to death, which he narrowly misses in the first act. He gives himself up, as Lord Edendale, to a party sent to arrest his brother, who escapes in a way that could only be made possible by soldiers looking quite straight before them. But when the soldiers are proceeding to detain the lady, Trevor, who has not yet surrendered his sword, tells them that they must let her pass or take Lord Edendale dead, for they will never take him alive. The reckless gallantry of the man who would thus fling away a life not, it must be owned, much worth keeping, moves the house, and the impression thus made is deepened as the play proceeds. The discovery of a marriage certificate shows Trevor that the title and estate of his father belong to him, and he surrenders both to complete the happiness of that brother who, as he might truly say, had taken away both his birthright and his blessing. But the brother is again arrested, and Lady Marsden, believing that Trevor has contrived this, bitterly reproaches him, while he leaves his justification to the future, and contrives so that he may die in his brother's place, and thus preserves for her, "his star, his queen," the happiness which he must not share. This is a brief outline of a story which is pathetically told; and ladies who know thus much will feel that they are bound to support a play which exalts and glorifies their sex, and, if they go to see it, the gentlemen are not likely to stay away. The hero is excellently represented by Mr. John Clayton, who, although known as a clever actor, would hardly have been suspected of the power he displays. The lady's part is played with grace and tenderness by Miss Rose Coghlan, and Mr. Horace Wigan is at home in a character who is spy, traitor, forger, murderer, and willing to make himself generally useful in rascality. The play is highly creditable as a piece of literary carpentry, for the *Tale of Two Cities* belongs to about the year 1793, and the action of the drama is laid in 1746, immediately after the Jacobite rebellion. Sydney Carton in the story is a barrister, whereas Hugh Trevor is a gentleman at large, and we might say at loose. Both are equally given to strong drink, and both are moved by love to die in the place of a condemned man. Carton dies by the guillotine at Paris, and Trevor by the old-fashioned axe at Carlisle, and the former dies to establish liberty, and the latter to maintain monarchy. In the story this is done to save the actual, and in the play to save the intended, husband of the loved one. But it will be perceived by any one who knows the story that the most impressive speeches of the hero of the play are in the very words of Dickens, from whom also is taken the forcible scene of the "Game at Cards." It were to be wished that the adaptation of novels to plays might always be as well managed as in this example.

If Mr. Burnand should succeed in bringing prosperity to the Opera Comique he might as well change a name which will be unsuitable during his management. That unfortunate building has been everything by turns, or at least everything except an opera house, and nothing long. Yet it is well placed and conveniently fitted, and, although the entrance is rather awkward, the playbill reminds us by way of compensation that there is a railway station within two minutes' walk. The new manager has collected an efficient company, and furnished it with a modern comedy which is a favourable example of its class. An American actor, Mr. George Clarke, makes his first appearance in England at this theatre, and his duty is to persuade the audience that a man could mistake his first wife's friend for his first wife, whom he believed when he married his second to be dead. He never forgets a face, and if only the names were written under them, as in the photographs of statesmen and actresses in the shop windows, there could be, as he says, no possibility of these inconvenient mistakes. He separated from his first wife ten years ago, and, having information of her death, married again; but he did not obtain positive proof, and, in the absence of it a legal friend persuades him that it is, to say the least, extremely probable that he has committed bigamy. While he is in this uncomfortable doubt a lady comes to call at the house whom he takes for the supposed deceased, and, as his second wife's father is likely to marry this lady, there is a prospect of double bigamy which supplies a highly interesting complication. When suspense has been sufficiently protracted, the supposed bigamist discovers that the visitor is not his first wife, but a lady whom he had seen acting with her at a theatre in Italy, and he ascribes his blunder to the embarrassing practice of omitting to write the names under the faces. With the rather hopeless purpose of making this blunder appear more probable, he mistakes the butler for the rector, and makes endless confusion among two young ladies and their lovers, whom he pairs as if he were playing cribbage. It must be allowed, however, that the assumption on which the play depends, and to which it owes its title of *Proof Positive*, remains equally difficult whether he loved his first wife or hated her, or first loved and then hated her, as appears to have been the truth. Perhaps the notion might have been more acceptable two or three years ago, when many people had brought themselves to think that, if you could not remember form and features, they were not less probably those of a long-lost friend. Mr. George Clarke makes as much of this part as could be expected, but neither he nor it is likely to make the fortune of the

theatre. The success of the play depends mainly on Mr. W. J. Hill, who, since he formed one of the famous trio in the *Happy Land*, has continually advanced in public favour. Author and actor may divide the praise due to the character of Mr. Crumbley, who moves at once laughter and sympathy by his unsuccessful efforts to obtain a quiet snooze after dinner or an undisturbed perusal after breakfast of a Parliamentary debate on the law of hypothec in Scotland. He is not altogether insensible to the duty of finding husbands for his daughters, and, if he were, Mrs. Crumbley is at hand to remind him of it. His efforts to entertain the young men who come about the house with agreeable conversation make an amusing scene, and meanwhile his wife is directing the movements of her daughters or counterworking the lady before named who seems likely to appropriate the great prize: as Mr. Crumbley puts it, he looks after the young men, and Mrs. Crumbley looks after the young women, whereas in former days it was *vice versa*. Again, when the two daughters are going to be advantageously married, and Mrs. Crumbley assumes emotion at parting from them, Mr. Crumbley consoles her by saying that she can give half of herself to each daughter, and he'll take the remainder. Mr. Crumbley's want of sleep and so opportunity to master the law of hypothec in Scotland is so naturally represented that one hears people saying, "Poor old man," and at some houses such a character would ensure success for a play. Mr. Burnand, however, has something to contend against at this house, and all we can say is that it deserves success quite as well as many others. The manager has written a clever play and engaged a competent company to perform it, and he may hope that in time the public will do the rest.

While Mr. Byron's play, *Our Boys*, still holds possession of the Vaudeville, he has occupied in force the Haymarket with another play in which he acts himself. He has substantially only one character, but as he does not act for a year at the same theatre, the public has not time to weary of him. The quiet cynicism and unexpected turns of phrase which he puts into his own mouth are always welcome, and he is too wise to undertake to act as well as write a play all himself. The title of this play, *Married in Haste*, suggests an incident which is common to many plays, and it may be taken as a notice that we are not to expect anything particularly new in this piece. Marriage, however, occurs at the end of a play more commonly than at the beginning, and some interest would be excited in the troubles of the young husband whose uncle stops his allowance just at the time of his young wife's father's bankruptcy, if we did not feel sure that the lazy, witty bachelor who is the friend of all parties would turn up at the right moment. Whether it is to say a good thing as the conversation flags or to pay a tavern bill when the landlord grows obstreperous, this useful member of society is always round the corner. The capricious uncle, as well as the steady friend, is a bachelor, and it is perhaps to exhibit the beautiful economy of nature that Mr. Byron makes the help of two unmarried persons necessary to the success of a single marriage. This young couple could never have got along without the uncle's cash and the friend's advice. The uncle, who is well acted by Mr. Hermann Vezin, may claim a high place among the monsters of comedy, for he stops remittances immediately after the marriage, and leaves his nephew on his wedding tour without the means of paying for such common necessities as cigars or a bottle of fine dry sherry after a morning stroll. There are now so many theatres, and it is so difficult to feel any preference for one over another, that perhaps a theatre on "temperance principles" might be successful. We know that smoking often supplies the place of conversation, and it is perhaps on this account that modern dramatists so often bring it on the stage. The young husband in Mr. Byron's play throws away his cigar as he enters the room where his wife is, and we infer that author or actor thinks this the correct thing to do, at least in the honeymoon. If the cigar is lighted in order to show that the smoker knows when to put it out, we must hope that the spectators appreciate this example of polished manners. Old-fashioned people might perhaps say that it had better not have been lighted at all, and that an actor who considers a cigar or pipe necessary to make him look like a gentleman ought not to expect success in refined comedy. Drinking and smoking have become so common on the stage that a comedy without these adjuncts would be a real novelty; and Sir Wilfrid Lawson might call a public meeting, and, after a short speech, march his supporters to the house where it was to be performed. Mr. Byron makes some fun of art critics and art patrons, and he puts into his own mouth a recommendation to a struggling artist to live at Camden Town and call it Regent's Park upon his cards. This is a fair sample of his writing, and it loses nothing in delivery. The young wife is made interesting by Miss Carlotta Addison, and, on the whole, it may be said that Mr. Byron at this house is at least equal to Mr. Burnand at the Opera Comique, and a formidable rival to himself at the Vaudeville.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

AN acceptance of 120 for the Cambridgeshire might naturally have been followed by a correspondingly large field, for the race is one of the most popular of the year, and the course is short; and we need hardly say that, in these modern days of racing, for one horse that can go two miles there are ten satisfied with

half that distance. This year, however, the Cambridgeshire has been a good deal discounted by the Cesarewitch. An unusually large field, a goodly proportion of which was engaged in the Cambridgeshire also, started for the longer race; and Duke of Parma, Pageant, Perplexe, and Parempyre so effectually disposed of their thirty-three antagonists that there seemed little chance of any behind the leading four mending matters in the short race. As neither Duke of Parma nor Perplexe was engaged, attention was mainly directed to the other two; and Pageant was so evidently second best on his merits, and held such a commanding position throughout the race for the Cesarewitch, that he was speedily installed favourite for the Cambridgeshire. The old stagers who annually station themselves at the Bushes in search of something that is going well within itself at that point, but that cannot endure to the end of the two miles and a quarter, got little by their pains this year; and the easy victory of the feather-weighted Duke of Parma, coupled with the forward running of Pageant, satisfied most of the owners of Cesarewitch horses engaged in the Cambridgeshire that there was little use in pulling them out a second time. Hence the Cambridgeshire field dwindled down by degrees, and, instead of the forty-five or fifty at one time reckoned upon, only thirty-seven in the end mustered at the post. The tremendous rains of the preceding week had made the ground deep and holding, and this circumstance no doubt led to the withdrawal of some horses whose names would otherwise have been found among the starters. Nothing so much upsets the calculations of trainers, or so effectually affects the value of private trials, as sudden and severe changes of the weather; and in every large handicap entry there are sure to be a fair number of weak-backed or weak-kneed horses destitute of any ability to make their way through dirt up a severe hill. The Cambridgeshire candidates, however, were quite strong enough, independently of those who cried content after the Cesarewitch and of those whom the heavy going frightened away, to make up a very fine field—fine at least in point of numbers. Thirty-seven starters for a race in which almost everything depends on the start are as much as any ordinary starter can manage, and they generally contrive to keep him in a state of agitation and irritation for a good half or three-quarters of an hour, as well as to tax pretty severely the patience of the spectators. We do not fancy then that much regret was felt generally when it was found that there would not be the monster field for the Cambridgeshire that had at one time been anticipated. Few, however, of the candidates whose names have been prominently brought forward in the last few weeks were absentees, and not many complaints could have been made on that score.

As usual in this race, the three-year-olds furnished the largest proportion of the field; in fact, they numbered eighteen out of thirty-seven starters. Among them we may mention Grey Palmer, Ceruleus, winner of the Great Eastern Handicap, Coomassie, second in the Steward's Cup and winner of the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, Activity, Leveret, Wallsend, and Harmonides. Of these the most leniently weighted were Grey Palmer, Leveret, and Ceruleus, the latter of whom, with a 10-lb. penalty, only carried 6 st. 8 lbs. The ten four-year-olds included Lemnos, Organist, Peeping Tom, Figaro II., who had been purchased by the owner of Lowlander after his close race at the last meeting with Louise Victoria, Pageant, second in the Cesarewitch, Dalham, and Sutton. Of these Pageant was a great favourite on account of his most recent performance, and Sutton on account of his light weight. While the winner of the Cesarewitch has never succeeded in carrying off the Cambridgeshire also, the second in the longer race has more than once won the shorter. Pageant was not only second in the Cesarewitch, but a very good second also; in fact, he was the only one of Duke of Parma's opponents who ever gave him the slightest trouble. On the strength of this performance Pageant was justly installed a leading favourite for the Cambridgeshire; and probably the only fear in the minds of his supporters was lest he had been too well trained for the long distance to be in fettle for the short spin over the Cambridgeshire course. Usually one pays particular attention to those horses in the Cesarewitch who, after showing a good turn of speed up to the Bushes or thereabouts, die away in the last quarter of a mile; and from this division formidable candidates for the Cambridgeshire not unfrequently spring. But Pageant was running strongly up to the very end of the Cesarewitch, and had evidently been prepared with great care for a long-distance race. It is an axiom of racing that a horse cannot possibly be prepared for a long and a short course at one and the same moment. The requisites—steady staying power in the one case, dash of speed in the other—are altogether different; and the possession of one most generally involves the temporary loss of the other. In the case of Pageant this axiom was amply verified, for he was beaten from the first in the Cambridgeshire through inability to go the pace. The other four-year-old favourite, Sutton, had nothing to boast of in the way of achievements, and in awarding him the feather weight of 5 st. 13 lbs. the handicapper gave him quite as much as was his due according to his public running. As a two-year-old, when known as the Christmas Pie colt, he showed some glimmer of form; as a three-year-old he only ran once, and was beaten out of sight by Queen of the May and Kidbrooke; and this year he has not appeared in public before last Tuesday. A patched-up four-year-old, without any public credentials of merit, Sutton might naturally have been expected to figure at the bottom of the handicap; yet the confidence with which he was supported by

his friends before the race, and the ease with which he defeated a very superior handicap field, showed conclusively that he had merit, though it had been hidden under a bushel, that his owner fully understood and appreciated that merit, and that the virtue of patience, so necessary to secure success in modern racing, had in this instance been admirably cultivated. The six five-year-olds were Kaiser, Lord Gowran, third in the Cambridgeshire of 1874, Thunder, Queen of the Bees, Redworth, and Precentor; and of these Kaiser, considering his performances at two and three years of age, was very leniently treated with 8 st. 7 lbs., especially as it was generally believed that a mile was his best distance. Lord Gowran, however, beat him fairly and squarely in the race, thus affording another illustration of the truth that horses who have once run well over a particular course will run well again. The three six-year-olds were Pompadour, Le Champis, and Young Edmonton; but they need not receive any further mention. However lightly weighted they may be, old horses in vain attempt to compete with younger ones in a race of this description; for no advantage in the weights can compensate for that loss of speed which is the consequence of advancing years.

The field thus constituted assembled at the post at the appointed time, and, miraculous to say, were despatched on their journey almost at the first attempt. The spectators in the neighbourhood of the Stand could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the flag fall two minutes after it had been raised; and it is impossible to say how great an effect the unexpected suddenness of the start had on the fortunes of the race. When there are, as is often the case, twenty or thirty false starts, some horses lose their temper, others lose their positions, and others meet with some casualty which extinguishes their chance. The absence of any false starts whatever must have been a surprise to owners of nervous or fidgety horses as welcome as it was unexpected. More than that, the race itself was not attended by so many mischances as happen not unfrequently when such a crowd of horses are engaged; though Pompadour was knocked down, and her leg was broken, and Leveret, who was running in her track, was not only thrown out of his stride, but also, we believe, sustained considerable injury. The contest was a very one-sided affair all through, for the favourite, Sutton, got off well, went to the front immediately, had his field well beaten a quarter of a mile from home, and finally won in a canter by a length and a half. Lord Gowran and Grey Palmer were similarly unchallenged in the positions they occupied as second and third throughout the greater part of the race, and finished in the order named, about two lengths separating them. Most of the remaining competitors had been either eased or pulled up before the winner had passed the judge's chair, but we should say that Kaiser was about fourth best in the race. Like the Cesarewitch, however, the Cambridgeshire was a runaway affair from start to finish, and resulted in the hollow victory of a turned loose horse who on public running was of little or no account. We confess we do not look with much enthusiasm on the victories of such animals as Duke of Parma and Sutton over honest and approved horses, and we should be glad to see the minimum weight in handicaps raised, so that the recurrence of such victories might be rendered impossible; but in the present condition of racing it is hopeless to look for such a salutary reform.

The Criterion is no longer the last great two-year-old race of the season, but still it is an event of considerable importance, and the meeting in it last Monday of two such cracks as Farnese and Springfield made amends for any shortcoming in point of numbers. Indeed the representatives of Lord Falmouth and Mr. Houldsworth were so far in advance of the general two-year-old form that the Criterion was virtually regarded as a match between the two; and as Lord Falmouth's second string, Skylark, was withdrawn, it appeared evident that the prospects of his stable-companion Farnese were judged to be highly satisfactory. In the face of two such formidable opponents, only four antagonists ventured to put in an appearance; and these four were Clanronald, Algarsyfe, Pluton, and Newport. The race was run at a tremendous pace, Springfield hoping that, by cutting out the work at his highest speed, he might find out Farnese's weak point. And in this Mr. Houldsworth's horse was successful. The heavy ground, the 7 lbs. penalty, and the pace, all together told on Lord Falmouth's roarer, and he failed to rival the performance of a still greater roarer, Prince Charlie, over the same course. But in causing the downfall of his formidable opponent, Springfield brought about his own downfall also. The severity of the pace told its tale on him as well as on Farnese, and in the last few hundred yards he was visibly tiring. Nothing is more commonly observed in racing than that, when two horses have raced each other to a standstill, a third suddenly emerges from obscurity and takes advantage of the opportunity thus offered to him. So it fell out on this occasion, for when Farnese and Springfield were wearing each other out, Clanronald began to creep up, and though he stumbled near the finish at a most critical moment, he still managed to get his head in front in the very last stride, and snatch the victory from the hitherto unbeaten Springfield. The public performances of Clanronald have not been of much account. At Doncaster he was an indifferent third to two such moderate and such ungenerous horses as Glendale and Gilestone; and in the Middle Park Plate, though he showed a fair turn of speed, he was never really dangerous. His solitary victory, previously to the Criterion, was achieved in a match against Plaything; and in the estimation of his stable he was so vastly inferior to Farnese that his chance was regarded as

hopeless. Subsequent events may prove him to be a horse of superior merit, but for the present we must express our belief that accident had a good deal to do with his victory in the Criterion Stakes.

REVIEWS.

MICHELET AND SIMPSON'S MODERN HISTORY.*

MICHELET'S *Précis de l'Histoire moderne*, "prescrit. . . . dans les collèges royaux et dans les établissements d'instruction publique," is, we believe, now out of print, and what may be prescribed in its stead our knowledge of the progress of education in France is not sufficient to enable us to say. In 1837, when Michelet's first edition was published, it might not seem absurd that a book professing to deal with modern history should stop short at the meeting of the States-General in 1789. In the present day a work with such a limit would hardly be thought to answer to its name; and accordingly the translator has supplied a continuation bringing the volume down to the dates of Marshal MacMahon's Presidency, and the coming in of Mr. Disraeli's Ministry. It is sad to see how much more is necessary to be known in 1875 than in 1837. We remember hearing a schoolgirl, who was struggling with that very dreary chapter devoted to the reign of her present Majesty which is appended to modern editions of Mrs. Markham, speculate as to whether centuries hence history would still begin with William the Conqueror. Like Macbeth, she saw visions of kingly lines stretching out to the crack of doom, and with them the necessary accompaniment of infinite additional chapters of Mrs. Markham, and consequent torments to generations upon generations. In justice, she argued, one end of the history book ought to move on as rapidly as the other, and for every fresh century added another century ought to be cut off at the beginning.

Michelet's original preface, which is included in the present translation, is worthy of note as a good description of what a summary of history ought to be. The new school who require that a history shall treat of science, poetry, music, painting, architecture—anything but the deeds of warriors and rulers which were once supposed to be its exclusive theme—may perhaps be interested in seeing what so brilliant a writer thought on the subject:—

D'abord nous avons insisté sur l'histoire des événements politiques, plus que sur l'histoire de la religion, du commerce, des lettres et des arts. Nous n'ignorons pas que la seconde est plus importante encore que la première; mais c'est par l'étude de la première qu'on doit commencer.

The *précis*, in its best parts at any rate, has the characteristic merits of French work—the sense of proportion and perspective, and the art of conveying complex ideas in a few crisp phrases. The author's plan, first to mark

l'unité dramatique de l'histoire des trois derniers siècles; ensuite, représenter toutes les idées intermédiaires, non par des expressions abstraites, mais par des faits caractéristiques qui puissent saisir de jeunes imaginations,

is carried out with considerable skill, and the narrative is full of brief and epigrammatic, sometimes perhaps too epigrammatic, phrases, such as take hold of the mind and are not easily forgotten. To take a single specimen, how keen is the sarcasm with which the unsubstantial benevolence and affected simplicity of the first years of Louis XVI.'s reign are described:—

Ce fut pour cette vieille société une époque de bonheur et de naïf attendrissement; elle pleurait, s'admirait dans ses larmes, et se croyait rejuvenie. . . . La reine se bâtit dans Trianon un hameau, une ferme. Les philosophes conduisaient la charrue, par écrit. "Choisissez agricole, et Voltaire est fermier." Tout le monde s'intéressait au peuple, aimait le peuple, écrivait pour le peuple; la bienfaisance était de bon ton, on faisait de petites aumônes et de grandes fêtes.

Pendant que la haute société jouait sincèrement cette comédie sentimentale, continuait le grand mouvement du monde, qui dans un moment allait tout emporter.

It may of course be questioned whether this sort of sharp writing is the best thing for learners, who probably do not understand the allusions, and are perplexed and irritated by not knowing how much of it to believe. In an earlier passage we note a curious instance of reluctant and half-hearted homage to truth. The text cites an awful specimen of a feudal tyrant in the person of a "Count of Armagnac, styling himself 'Count by the Grace of God,'" who "hanged the officers of the Parliament, married his own sister, and beat his confessor when he refused to absolve him." In a foot-note Michelet reveals that he has rolled two successive Counts of Armagnac into one; but to quench the fire and spirit of the text by bringing it into accordance with facts was evidently more than his virtue was capable of.

The best parts of the book are naturally those relating to French history, which indeed, from the days of Louis XIV. downwards, well nigh crowds out that of other countries. In particular, the internal affairs of England after the death of Charles I.—not by any means the least important part of our history—are treated in a very perfunctory fashion, being passed over in a few rapid

* *A Summary of Modern History*. Translated from the French of M. Michelet, and continued to the Present Time. By M. C. M. Simpson, Translator of "Napoleon Buonaparte's Letters to King Joseph," "Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

notices or allusions in the text, and a dry chronological skeleton in the foot-notes. In these last we find against the year 1679, "The Duke of York excluded from the succession to the throne." Michelet, we suppose, had seen that a Bill for that purpose was brought in, and forgot to ascertain whether it ever became law. On William of Orange, whose Continental importance procures him more attention than is vouchsafed to his immediate predecessors or successors on the English throne, a characteristic remark is made:—"Il n'eut qu'une passion, mais atroce; la haine de la France." In Michelet's eyes it was "atrocious" that a man should feel resentment against the invaders of his native land when those invaders happened to be Frenchmen. The translator softens the epithet into "overwhelming." The period of English history which lies between Henry VI. and Charles I. is treated more fully, and the author waxes eloquent, though hardly accurate, in his description of the abasement of the nobles under Henry VII. :—

In order to live at the Court, they quitted the ancient castles in which they had reigned as sovereigns ever since the Conquest. They gave up the sumptuous hospitality by which they had so long secured the fidelity of their vassals. The followers of the Barons found their banqueting halls and the courts of justice deserted; they abandoned those who had abandoned them, and returned home King's men (Abolition of the Right of Maintenance).

As every one who has looked into the Statute-book knows, from the time of Edward I. onwards, enactments against "Maintainers of Quarrels" abound; and the giving of liveries to retainers, a practice which often cloaked a confederacy of maintenance, was prohibited as early as the reign of Richard II. Henry VII.'s merit was that he was the first to succeed in putting down these illegal customs. It is pretty plain that Michelet had never grasped the nature of the offence, which he turned into a "right," of maintenance, and perhaps conceived that it meant the right to maintain retainers, in which case its abolition is hardly a proof of the readiness to abandon their men with which he taunts the barons. When a display of liveried retainers involved "My attorney must speak with you," and a fine of ten thousand pounds, as in the Earl of Oxford's case, a baron might fairly plead that it was not his fault if his hospitality fell off. Perhaps, however, the French historian thought that the "droit de maintenance" meant the retainers' right to be maintained, to have six oxen provided for one meal, and to carry off pieces of meat on the points of their daggers, after the liberal fashion of the King-maker's house. Like Frenchmen in general, Michelet was inclined to exaggerate the power of that *bête noire*, "la féodalité," in England, as when he says:—"Elle prolonge son indépendance" (a phrase for which the translator substitutes the yet stronger expression "it continued to exist without control") . . . "en Angleterre, à la faveur des guerres des Roses." Except in Stephen's days, when all hell broke loose, feudalism in this country was never really independent or uncontrolled.

The English addition to the book, so far from being carried out in the style of Michelet, does not pretend to be more than a bare record of facts, and is not always as accurate as an epitome is bound to be. The wording of one passage conveys the idea, if it does not actually say, that the French National Convention of 1792 succeeded the Legislative Assembly before the September massacres, instead of more than a fortnight after. Louis XVI. was not condemned on the 26th December, but on the 17th January. The worship of the Goddess of Reason, the changing of the names of the months, and the division of the country into departments, are all lumped together as the doings of the Hébertists, or at any rate of the Convention. In fact, the division into departments was the work of the Constituent Assembly, more than three years before the Convention decreed *Thermidor* and *Messidor*, and all the fanciful names which make the chronology of the Revolution as bewildering as it is ridiculous. The country, we are further told, "was now declared an Indivisible Republic, in compliance with the Girondist scheme for establishing a system of Federal States." The federal schemes of the Girondists were the very thing against which the epithet of "indivisible" was levelled. The Directory is said to have "assumed the conduct of the government" on the 22nd August, 1795. The Constitution in which the Directory formed the executive power was indeed decreed at that date, but the Directors were not even chosen till October. It is not strictly true that, at the end of the war with Napoleon, England retained "in Europe nothing save moral prestige," seeing that she kept Malta and Heligoland. To say that Mr. Peel "passed an Act" is permissible in conversation, but not accurate enough for historical writing.

The translation runs freely and easily, and often succeeds in preserving the grace and point of the original; but nevertheless we not unfrequently detect failures to perceive and to give the full meaning of a word or a phrase, and sometimes actual grammatical inaccuracies. We could cite a good many instances of this want of care or of knowledge, but we will mention only the most important. "On prétendait," which means nothing more than that it was asserted, is translated "It was pretended," words conveying a very different meaning. "Griefs" in French is not equivalent to "griefs" in English. "Labourer" does not answer to "agricole," which ought to have been translated "agriculturist" or "husbandman." "The feudal system had triumphed throughout the Empire" does not convey the same idea as "la féodalité a triomphé de l'Empire." In the original we read that "Les Condottieri promenaient à travers l'Italie des troupes indisciplinées"; the translator, evidently not recognizing *promener* as an active verb, confounds the Condottieri with their men by rendering the

phrase thus:—"The Condottieri who marched through Italy were bodies of undisciplined troops." We admit that it would not be easy to turn such a phrase as "Cette fièvre de dissolution niveleuse coula par torrents dans les lettres de la nouvelle Héloïse" into rational-sounding English, but it is a mere shirking of the difficulty to translate it as "His [Rousseau's] feverish energy burns in every page of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*." The original French does give some idea of the spirit and tendencies of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*; the English version tells nothing. At an earlier stage of the History a long extract is made from an account given by Henry III. of France, at that time only King of Poland, of the causes and motives of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, winding up thus:—"Voilà, Monsieur, la vraie histoire de la Saint-Barthélemy, qui m'a troublé ceste nuit l'entendement." In the translation this becomes, "This, sir, is the true history of the St. Bartholomew, of which the hearing hath troubled me much this night," a statement obviously out of place in the mouth of one who was speaking from his own knowledge. *Entendement*, as any dictionary will show, is not hearing, but understanding, intelligence, sense; and a reference to the original discourse, of which Michelet quotes only a small part, makes it plain what Henry meant. On his way to Poland he had passed through towns in the Low Countries, "où il y avoit des François fugitifs et réfugiés," and had been made to feel all the odium which the massacre had brought upon him and his family. Voices of reproach and insult rose from among the crowds gathered to see him pass; even at banquets given in his honour taunting allusions had been made; malicious hands had placed in his lodging pictures "dans lesquels les exécutions de la Saint-Barthélemy, faites à Paris et autres lieux, estoient peintes au vif." The result was that on the second night after his arrival at Cracow Henry could not close his eyes for thinking on the St. Bartholomew, and was at last fain to relieve his mind by summoning to his bedside a confidant, to whom he poured out his story of the preliminaries of the "execution," as it was euphemistically termed. Weighed down with the sense of public execration, feverish with sleeplessness, tormented by what the narrator calls "importunes imaginations," perhaps by gory phantoms such as haunted his brother, the wretched man might justly say that the St. Bartholomew had troubled his mind.

On the whole, though Michelet's *Précis* is a clever sketch, giving a lively idea of the history of France from Louis XI. to the Revolution, and worth reading in its own language, we doubt whether it has solid merit enough to make it worth translating into English, or to render it a useful school-book for English learners.

DIXON'S WHITE CONQUEST.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to say that the best rule in choosing the title of a novel was to take care not to disclose the nature of the story, and the author of *White Conquest* may possibly have had this precept in his recollection when he named his book. No one can discover from such a title whether the work to which it is prefixed is a romance or a history, a narrative of travel or a political or metaphysical treatise; and indeed, even when the reader opens the book itself, he finds it difficult to determine exactly to what branch of literature it is to be supposed to belong. It begins very much in the style of one of Captain Mayne Reid's novels. The first chapter is headed "San Carlos," and the story opens with a histrionic shout:—"Ruins! a pile of stone, standing in a country of mud-tracts, adobe ranches, and timber-sheds?" Why this description should be put in the form of a question, suggesting the idea of a conundrum, it is impossible to say. However, we are immediately relieved by an answer:—"Yes, broken dome, projecting rafters, crumbling wall, and empty chancel, open to the wind and rain, poetic wrecks of what, in days gone by, have been a cloister and a church." We are next treated to a little natural history. "An owl lifts her brow and hoots," "a lizard hisses"—do lizards hiss?—"through the weeds," "a catamount deserts her hole, and darts into bush." This seems rather a weak thing for a catamount to do, and more might surely have been expected from such an animal in the hands of a powerful writer. "Near by, the ocean laps in murmured tones along a sandy beach." "A cry of gulls and cormorants is answered by a yell of sea-lions." But "these mysterious voices from the depths of nature seem to feed the silence"—how sounds should feed silence is another of our author's mysteries—"and make the solitude complete." This is evidently the churchyard scene of the old melodrama, and we know the stage directions by heart. Footlights down, blue fire to burn, and prepare to be horrified by Caspar and his skulls. But somehow nothing much comes of it, and after several pages of fine writing in the same style, we learn that San Carlos is a ruined Indian church at Carmelo Bay, and are tempted to ask why Mr. Dixon did not say so at first. A moment's reflection, however, suggests that this simple and natural course would be fatal to Mr. Dixon's system of book-making, the principle of which seems to be to say everything in the biggest words and most roundabout way. If he had put what information he had to convey into plain language, it would have been seen at once how little there was in it, and besides, he would never have made up his couple of volumes. Our readers are already acquainted with another favourite trick of Mr. Dixon's style. When he intends to be particularly pathetic or

impressive, he falls into a kind of bastard rhythm which helps to keep up the impression of transportine tragedy; as, for instance:—"North of this sacred spur, but running side by side, a tamerspur runs down from Monte Toro; falling with gentler slope and clothed in softer woods." "No line is dropped into the flood for trout, no snare is drawn across the ford for duck. All nature at Carmelo runs to waste." "Two foreign artists come into these parts. For what? To grow their beards, to bronze their cheeks, to shake the dust of Paris from their feet. Each has an eye for nature, observing her moods with care, noting how sunlight plays with colour in the sea, and how metallic veins add lustre to the earth." "Adobe walls soon melt away. The summer's sun is frying them to dust; the winter rain is washing them away. Each zephyr steals some grains of loam." "Who plants these stems of pine in holy soil? Here lies the mystery of that aged chief." "There flowed the sea, alive with smelts and seals. Below the headland they could see the whales go sweeping by. Why not put off in chase? It was a dangerous trade, but when they plied it eagerly, they found it pay." "A hundred villas nestle in the woods, a hundred chalets climb the hills." "With gibe and curse she sent him to his task, with pinch and cuff she lashed him to his yoke." Nothing can be more tiresome than this sing-song bathos, and the writer also snatches at every chance of alliteration, however childish, such as trough and tangle, ridge and rock, lop and lie, rove and rob, hugging and mugging, "snug in their huts, they learned to wash their skins and put on shirt and shawl." Once he has to speak of "trapper and trooper," and keeps up the rattle, like a baby, through several sentences. San Francisco is described as a city of white houses, which, "surging up two hills, creams round their sides, and runs in foam towards yet more distant heights."

As an example of book-making these volumes no doubt display a certain kind of ingenuity. The writer has chosen his topics with a good eye for sensational effects, and his method of dealing with them may to a vulgar taste seem vivid and picturesque. The title of the book in itself tickles curiosity. People wonder what *White Conquest* can be, and part of the charm of the publication is the mystery of the subject. An ordinary writer would probably have called it by some such commonplace name as "Travels," or "Impressions of Travel," but Mr. Dixon is an expert in his trade, and knows better. It would appear that, in the course of a lecturing tour in America, Mr. Dixon passed through California, Texas, and some parts of Mexico, caught glimpses of a good deal of strange life, read the local newspapers, and talked freely with the people he met, and with what he gathered in this way he has padded out a couple of big volumes. It is obvious that the value of a work of this kind must necessarily depend upon the degree of confidence with which the author's statements can be received, and it may be doubted whether Mr. Dixon, skimming over the country in hasty flight, as he appears to have done, is entitled to express himself in such positive and sweeping terms as he uses with regard to the condition and character of the various communities which he visited. A considerable part of the book—such, for instance, as the chapters on Brigands, in vol. i., and those on the political conflict in Louisiana in vol. ii.—is merely a compilation (the fine language is no doubt all Mr. Dixon's own) from American newspapers and other publications, and might very well have been written without quitting home. The remainder is chiefly loose gossip picked up in railway trains and hotels. The author himself gives us some insight as to his methods of inquiry. "You take the Indian," he says, "as he is, a wreck and waste of nature, even as the altar of Don Carlos is a wreck and waste of art. For twenty cents, laid out in whisky, you may have the story of his life, and in that tale the romance of his tribe," which Mr. Dixon then proceeds to retail. Again, he speaks of the information obtained from "a stock-raiser with whom we swap drinks at an outside bar." It is easy to conceive that the sort of stories which may be collected in this manner, however lively and exciting, are not always of the most trustworthy kind. Child murder has, Mr. Dixon says, been increasing among the negroes of the Southern States ever since they became free, and "is now as common, I am told, in the Negro swamp as in a Chinese street or on a Tartar steppe." This is a very grave statement, which requires to be supported by more substantial authority than a casual "I am told." Again, he says, "We learn on good authority that there were three thousand murders in Texas last year, and that nearly all these murders were committed by negroes on their brother blacks." But the "good authority" would be more convincing if Mr. Dixon had condescended to indicate the source from which the information came. If it was the result of swapping drinks with people in the street whom he had never seen before, and of whose veracity he had no means of judging, it might not be worth much. Elsewhere he says, "It is the short and simple truth to say that, so far as my experience reaches, no officer who has served on the Plains believes that any full-blooded Indians can be civilized." This is, no doubt, short and simple, but whether it can be taken as absolute truth is another matter, especially as we do not know how far Mr. Dixon's experience reaches. He may have met one or two officers who expressed the opinion he quotes, but it does not appear that he took any pains to verify the assertion for his own satisfaction. What Mr. Dixon has to say on these and other subjects may be taken for what it is worth, but whether it is worth much may reasonably be doubted.

The artificial and extravagant tone in which Mr. Dixon habitually writes also tends to deprive his book of value as a work

* *White Conquest*. By William Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus. 1876.

of information. He has evidently applied himself to make his pictures as startling and sensational as possible, and a vein of theatrical exaggeration runs through the whole of them. One of the most interesting and important subjects he has to deal with is the Louisiana conflict at the end of last year, but he spoils the narrative by his violence and affectation. General Grant is continually dubbed *Cæsar*, and a negro *Cæsar* is even introduced to keep him in countenance. General Sheridan is spoken of as "Little Phil, the wild Irish devil," and an impertinent intrusion is made into his private life. The negro difficulty is called the *Black Agony*; Chinese immigration the *Yellow Agony*. Everything is painted in the strongest colours, and it is impossible not to feel that the eagerness of the artist for striking effects weakens the force of his testimony. In the account of the Californian brigands, the writer does his best to give a romantic and heroic air to the career of a brutal ruffian who seems to have been guilty of almost every vice and crime, and he even follows him, with prurient curiosity, in his amours as well as his murders. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Dixon's former works may remember the dangerous fascination which a particular subject, or class of subjects, seems to exercise over his mind; and this tendency is also observable in the present volume. It is of course impossible, in describing life among such communities as Mr. Dixon visited, to ignore altogether the looseness and immorality of social habits which is apt to prevail, but it might be supposed that a natural instinct would lead a writer to pass over such matters as lightly as possible, and to avoid returning to them unnecessarily. Unfortunately Mr. Dixon would seem to be of a different opinion. The titles of the chapters on "Hybrids," "White Women," "Bucks and Squaws," "Red Mormonism," "Polygamy," "Fair Women," sufficiently indicate the nature of the questions which are raised, and even in other places the author cannot shake himself free from the unpleasant theme.

SCOTTISH ARCHERS.*

THIS book, its author tells us, was first spoken of a hundred and fifty years ago, and it is really a pity that it was not written then. As it is swollen to its present size by the very uninteresting annals of the Royal Company of Archers for the last century and a half, had it been written when it was first talked of it must have contained only the first chapter; and as that chapter treats of the early history of archery in Scotland, it might have been written quite as well then as now. But a very catching fever for biography-writing is rife in the literary world just now. Other books are jostled from their places by "Diaries" or "Reminiscences" or "Recollections" of old ladies of whom the world has never heard till it sees their names in gold letters on the back of a handsome volume. To have written nursery rhymes, or to have written pious letters; to have lived to a ripe old age, or to have died in early youth—are any of them distinction enough to provoke this ruthless body-snatching. The victims may have led humdrum and uneventful lives, jogging on from cradle to grave in a decent obscurity only varied by an occasional visit to friends or neighbours as ordinary as themselves. Still, if they have the ill-luck to number a gifted niece or grandchild among their descendants, their most secret words and works and ways must be laid bare to pander to the taste of readers so given over to the love of gossip that its cravings must be fed even by the books they read. Out of the most paltry materials the skilful biographer will spin endless yarn of trivial details. Stirred by a somewhat similar spirit, Mr. Balfour Paul has taken in hand to make a book out of the annals of a Company whose existence, we venture to say, is first made known to most of our readers by the inscription on the title-page. To those who now hear of this Scottish Body-guard for the first time the title is a misleading one, and may lead readers not very well versed in Scottish history to suppose that this Company of Archers represents the ancient national body-guard of the Kings of Scots—a corps which, as a matter of fact, never existed. The Scots Archer Guard which the King of France kept round his throne, choosing rather to trust the safety of his person to the arms of strangers than to the doubtful loyalty of his native-born subjects, is the only Scottish Archer Guard that can claim a place in history. Formed as it was from the survivors of the gallant band who went to succour their old allies in the dreary struggle of the Hundred Years' War, it seems somewhat anomalous that the Guard should have borne the weapon which never became naturalized in Scotland. But, as its duty lay more in the palace than in the open field, it was an archer guard in name alone. From time to time its ranks were filled up by the younger sons of the noblest Scottish houses, who were treated in all points as those whom the King delighted to honour. Their uniform was splendid, and their claim to rank as gentlemen was supported by the retinue which each one was allowed to maintain. Gradually the distinctive nationality of the Guard died out; but it still kept its Scottish name, and some marks of its Scottish origin. Even when there was no longer a single Scot within its ranks, the words "I am here," spoken nightly by the guard on duty at the palace gate in answer to the challenge of the Clerc du Guet, sounded strangely outlandish on the lips of French gallants who were the representatives of the victors of Beaugé.

* *The History of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Body-guard for Scotland.* By James Balfour Paul. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

But while the pick of his subjects thus sought fortune and favour at the Court of a foreign prince, the King of Scots at home had no guard at all. The story of the finding of the King on Flodden field, covered by the dead bodies of his Archer Guard, is pure fiction. Strange indeed it must have seemed to Mary of Guise, who knew well the showy figures of the Scots Guard so high in favour at the Court of France, to find that her husband, the King of Scots himself, had no such brilliant corps to add lustre to his throne. Half her quarrels with the nobles during her regency sprang from her attempts to supply this want by maintaining a body of standing troops. Her own unprotected state seemed to her all the more unreasonable since Angus or any other of the great nobles could come to Court with a thousand horsemen at his back, if it so pleased him. And still stranger must it have seemed to her daughter, Mary Stuart, that the only part of her life when she had a Scots Guard round her was when she was Queen of France, and that in Scotland their services were denied her. She seems to have supplied the deficiency as best she might out of her own purse. At least, among the complaints of the Ministers concerning their stipends is a statement that the expenses of the Queen's kitchen and of the Queen's Guard so ran away with the thirds of benefices, taken by the Crown in the first place with a view to their support, that they could get but little out of it. The first legally organized body-guard was established by James the Sixth, with the object of giving the captaincy to his favourite, Esmé Stewart of Aubigné.

As to the early history of archery in Scotland there is not much to say about it. The national games were golf and football, and the people could never be induced to take kindly to bows and arrows. The general use of weapons so formidable south of the Tweed may have been thought to savour too much of English influence to find favour north of the Border. In the Scotch system of fighting there was no room for archers. From Bannockburn to Pinkie Cleugh the strength of the Lowland Scots lay in the hedgehog-like clumps of infantry bristling with spear-points. As for the Highlanders, they either won the day by the first wild onslaught with pike and claymore or they were hopelessly beaten. The dire confusion wrought again and again by the flight of the English arrows proves that there was no corresponding force in the Scots army to oppose them. Yet Bruce himself saw the need of such a force. No sooner was he firmly seated on his throne than he commanded "that ilk man haveand the valour of ane kow in gudes sall have ane bow with ane scheife of arrows, that is twenty-four arrows or ane a piece." Then it is the King's will that all "scheris and lords of the land sall make inquisition anent the premises, and sall make wapinschawin after the octaves of Pasche next following."

His English up-bringing taught James III. the value of the English archers, and accordingly he did his utmost to introduce the practice of the bow among his subjects on his return to his own kingdom. But, in spite of his command that "All men busk them to be archers fra they be twelve yeirs of age," and that every full-grown man shall come to the butts at the least on holy-days on pain of having a wether lifted by the sheriff from his flock, archery never took root among the people. It was in vain that the succeeding Jameses passed similar statutes enjoining the practice of archery, and forbidding the national game of golf and football as unprofitable sports. Whether it was that archery was so thoroughly English that no true-born Scot would stoop to gain skill at it, certain it is that the statutes neither brought shooting into favour nor taught the Scots to become unerring marksmen. At "Christ's kirk on the Green" the sorry figure which his countrymen cut when they took a bow in their hands comes under the lash of the poet's satire. One of the rowdy company at the fair sends a bolt at another, "but comes not nigh him by an acre's breadth." A friend comes to his help, and draws his bow at the offender, but

The bolt flew o'er the byre;
One cried Fye! he had slain a priest
A mile beyond the mire.

It was not until the use of bows and arrows in war had been superseded by the introduction of firearms that archery began to find favour in Scotland as an amusement. Knox tells us that the fog which shrouded Mary Stuart's home-coming was so thick as to make it impossible to see "the length of a pair of buttes"—an illustration which he would not have used unless by that time the sight of butts and the space meted out between them had been familiar to his countrymen. And one of the most daring breaches of etiquette by which the Queen herself a few years later scandalized the gossips of Europe was by shooting a match at the butts some ten days after she had been freed from her worthless husband. The sides were herself and Bothwell against Seton and Huntly, and the losers afterwards entertained the winning side to a dinner at Trenant. The dinner then, as now, seemed to have taken its place as the most important adjunct of such amateur archery. Thus brought into fashion by the Queen, archery became a very popular pastime. Many of the chief boroughs had silver arrows which were the object of yearly competition among the most skilful marksmen.

The Company whose history is now before us was formed by an association of gentlemen in 1676. Its object was the promotion of archery purely as an amusement, and without any military or political aim. It is thus expressed by the members themselves when they scouted the proposal that they should enrol themselves as a Volunteer corps:—"It is important to keep in view that the object for which the Royal Company was established was simply

for reviving and keeping up the ancient custom of shooting with bows and arrows as an amusement." It was, in fact, merely a social guild, which, like Freemasonry, gave its members an excuse for decking themselves out in a fancy war-paint, and for much dinner-eating and toddy-drinking in each other's company. The record of its meetings and matches is only varied from time to time by discussions concerning the election of a new captain-general or a proposed change in the cut of the uniform, or by notices of how the Company had come off triumphant in a quarrel with some rival archers of Kilwinning, or had celebrated the final adjustment of a difference with the Edinburgh Town Council by a public parade with a dinner at the end of it. The Company rests its foundation on a charter granted by Queen Anne, by which the members are licensed to hold their matches and meetings, to set up their butts, and to exercise themselves in shooting at them so long as they do not contravene the laws. For these important privileges they were bound to present to the sovereign yearly "one pair of barbed arrows at the term of Whitsunday, if asked only." By the charter "magistrates or any others" were forbidden to put any obstacles or impediments in the way of the Company in the exercise of their arms. At different times the Company had some difficulty in defending their rights against the tacksmen who rented from the town of Edinburgh the meadows in which their butts were set up. Sometimes these adversaries strove to limit them to shooting once a week only; or, again, tried to shut out all spectators from the meadows. As though the presence of spectators were not the very cream and marrow of all such displays of skill! In all these strifes the Company came off victorious on the strength of its foundation charter. A length a firm of cowfeeders hit on a happy plan for keeping the archers off their pastures without laying themselves open to the charge of molesting them. As the archers paid no heed to their fences, they turned some bulls into the park to graze. This proved effectual. The glare of a live bull's eye unnerved the marksmen aiming at its painted semblance. The fear of being thus practically "put to the horn" overcame their love of sport, and the graziers and the bulls won the day, while the bard of the Company thus turned the fears of his fellow-archers into a witty parody on a well-known song:—

What is the greatest terror
That his heart can ever fear?
'Tis to shoot with bow and arrow
When the bulls draw near.

"Shooting at the Goose," a sport much in favour in the early days of the Company, might furnish a pleasant change of pastime to the frequenters of pigeon-matches. It certainly was less inhuman than their present practice, as it only slaughtered one bird at a time. It is thus described:—"A living goose was failed and bigged on a turf butt, that is to say, her body was buried in the turf, her head only being exposed to view. The competitors then shot at this, and he who pierced it secured the bird for his dinner." The proof of a good marksman was to hit the bird right through the eye. A small glass globe placed in the centre of the mark is now the substitute for the goose eye. Mr. Paul has found a parallel for this sport across the Atlantic:—

The custom bears a curious resemblance to one said to be practised by some tribes of North American Indians. By them the goose is buried in the ground, the head and neck only appearing. The latter is then well greased; and the warriors of the tribe, mounted on swift horses, gallop past the helpless victim, each rider as he passes stooping down and endeavouring to pull the head off, or pluck the bird bodily from her grave.

Perhaps the American Indians whose visit in 1818 forms one of the most striking events in the annals of the Company recognized their national diversion and joined in it. Be this as it may, it seems to have been very flattering to the self-conceit of these Scottish bowmen to find that their outlandish rivals could not take so sure an aim at any considerable distance as they could themselves. But whether shooting at the goose was imported from the Red men or not, the prize that was awarded for it came oddly enough direct from the hands of Indians in another hemisphere. The medal which is held by the "Captain of the Goose" is made out of fifty pagodas paid by Tippoo Sultan to the allies at Seringapatam.

The visit of George IV. to Scotland brought with it the halcyon days of the Company. It was then that their fancy for playing at soldiers received the royal sanction, and that the peaceful citizens of Edinburgh found themselves to their no small delight enrolled as a real live body-guard. Moreover the King sent to the officers of the Company gold and silver sticks, so as to place them on the same footing with the officers of the English Guard. And the annals of the Company swell with pride as they tell how the Gold Stick of Scotland came next to the Gold Stick of England in the procession at the coronations of William and of our present Queen. The only other occasion on which the Company came out in its official capacity was when the Queen went to Scotland in 1842, and it was rather a failure when compared with the brilliant success of its *début*. They were ready in all the splendour of their warlike array to receive their sovereign at Granton. But the Queen drove off at once to Dalkeith, a step for which the Archers were unprepared. They felt that "it was impossible that a set of foot-guards could do their duty round rapidly driven carriages, a troop of prancing dragoons, and an enthusiastic mob." The Company indeed found it no easy matter to keep the mob in order when the Queen made her state entry into Edinburgh, and Lord Elcho, their captain, was all but jostled over the traces of the horses, and was not rescued till his

arrows had been broken to pieces. On the next visit of the Queen, in 1848, the offer of their services was declined, as the visit was private in character. The Queen no doubt thought that a body-guard of efficient policemen might be more useful in keeping the overflowing loyalty of her subjects within comfortable bounds than their fellow-citizens, even in "feir of weir," and that a constable's bâton would be the most serviceable weapon where the enemy was at too close quarters to be intimidated by the sight of bows and arrows.

Mr. Balfour Paul has clearly done his best to flatter the vanity of the Archers without committing himself to the historic pedigree which no doubt they expected him to find for the Company. To the Archers themselves his book will be very attractive. They will con the minutes of the Company and note the entries of its parades and its dinners, of its changes of raiment and changes of shooting-ground, of its increase of members and deficiency of funds, with much the same gusto as that with which the writers of diaries scan the records of their own daily shortcomings. We heartily agree with Mr. Balfour Paul in sense, though not in grammar, when he owns that "the mere mention of the repairs on the butts are not of any general interest." The same criticism might with equal truth be applied to the whole subject-matter of the book.

GUSTAVE DROZ.*

THE French literary public, both those who write and those who read, have one great advantage over the English in that they are free from the tyranny of the three-volume novel. For them it is not necessary that good ideas should be spoiled by being racked and stretched to an unnatural length, or that bad ones should become long by degrees and hideously more until the regulation number of pages is reached. Their authors are enabled to produce, and their readers are well content to accept, the single volumes containing either a whole romance or a collection of the short stories known as "Contes" or "Nouvelles." There is nothing to prevent their writers from making two or three volumes if they have matter enough to fill them, and there is nothing to be gained by their trailing out a story until all its strength is lost. The method in which the sale of books is conducted in Paris is radically different from that adopted in London, and could hardly be followed here. The expanse over which circulating libraries, booksellers, and their customers, extend in London prevents any such immediate and rapid sale as takes place in Paris, where not unfrequently a whole edition of a popular book is sold off in the course of a day upon the boulevard. Again, the businesses of publisher and bookseller are not here combined to the same extent as in France, and the interests of the circulating libraries which intervene between publisher and reader have to be considered. These and other reasons preserve the three-volume system in England, but one cannot help wishing that some publisher would persistently try the experiment of breaking through the senseless and accustoming rule, and we think that he might find his account in so doing.

Among French writers of the present time whose works seem always exactly to fill the one volume in which they are contained, M. Gustave Droz holds a good place. He began and made his reputation with the two collections of short stories and sketches called *Monsieur Madame et Bébé* and *Entre Nous*. In these there appeared much original observation, a power of picturesque description, a brilliant faculty for hitting off a character or a phase of society in a few words, and, we are sorry to add, a very strong savour of impropriety. In some of the sketches, as, for instance, in *L'Omelette*, the author discovered a tenderness and pathos which one would hardly have expected, judging from the careless animal tone of the others. *Le Cahier Bleu de Mlle. Cibot*, written in a spirit of bitter indignation at the system of education which, in the convent, teaches evil to young girls under the pretence of aiding them to avoid it, and, when they have left their spiritual guidance, flings them as wives to the first man of means who is ready to take them, is in some respects the writer's strongest work. Its first half is written with a biting truth, and in carrying out his object, and indicating the ills to which he calls attention, the writer observes a praiseworthy reticence. He refrains, which is more than some French writers professing the same object would have done, from making capital for fine writing out of the evil spot which he desires to point out; he does not feel it a sacred duty to linger upon every repulsive detail of the vicious growths which he would see destroyed; it is evident that he thought more of his subject than of himself when he wrote of it. Unfortunately the second half of the book, after the virtually compulsory marriage of his heroine to a man whom her imagination exalts with some difficulty into a hero, but who is really a low capricious fop, degenerates into a history of a commonplace and disagreeable intrigue, relieved, it is true, by some flashes of power, but for the most part both dull and unpleasant. It is difficult to pity a woman who clings persistently to so false and wretched a creature as the man who supplants the heroine's husband in *Le Cahier Bleu de Mlle. Cibot*. It is matter for wonder, after one has read a certain number of French novels and plays, whether the ordinary young Frenchman of good means and position, and with at least a tolerable education and intellect, is in

* *Une Femme Génante*. Paris: Hetzel et Cie.
Les Étangs. Paris: Hetzel et Cie.

truth so despicable a being in the intimate relations of life as French authors make him out to be. He is often depicted as a person without principles and without heart. If he has any of the human feelings indicated under the collective name of heart, he employs them to make himself and all about him wretched by indulging in every kind of hysterical vagary. And in that case his misbehaviour is put rather to his credit, on the score of his possessing a finely-strung organization, which, unable to support the ordinary trials of life, rushes to a mixture of tears and debauchery for consolation. If he has any principles, they generally lead him, under the pretext of being "the most loyal heart in the world," or "the most honourable man one can hope to meet," to make some revelation the suppression of which would to ordinary minds appear a matter of course.

As if to counterbalance the dreary picture of life given in *Le Cahier Bleu de Mlle. Cibot*, M. Droz has, in *Autour d'une Source*, drawn with a rare force and delicacy the character of a strong man whom chance has made the last thing that he ought to be—a priest—and who battles successfully with persistent temptations to deviate from his duty. The writer gives a singular pathos to his simple, honest nature and the trials which it endures, and the book is happily relieved by pretty descriptions and by humorous sketches of village life and character of various sorts.

The *Paquet de Lettres* is a clever representation of a double mistake. One set of letters is addressed to a friend by a fine lady living in the country; the other is sent to his friend by a young priest who has just settled in her village. The lady's letters throw out hints which increase in mystery, and the young man's express his delight in his new home and his fear that, for some unexplained reason, he may be forced to leave it. Finally, his letters conclude with an expression of despair at his being compelled to quit the neighbourhood on account of the unfortunate attachment which he has inspired in the mistress of the château, while hers are ended by a profession of her pity for the poor young priest whose peace of mind her unintentional fascinations have destroyed.

M. Droz's last two works, which have been the immediate occasion for these observations, are both slight in construction, and are both worked out with accomplished skill. *Une Femme Génante* is, as the author says in his dedication, a "petite fantaisie qui veut être lue comme elle a été écrite; gaïement, au coin du feu, et les pieds sur les chenets." The extravagance of its motive reminds one somewhat of M. About's *L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée*, but the treatment of the two writers is widely different. M. Droz's fantastic tale is the history of a poetical apothecary named Corentin Kerroch, living in the little town of Kerlawen, who, having married a wife whose prosaic bustling nature is far removed from his extravagant ideal of her, finds true happiness only after her death, when, having embalmed her and arranged a room in his house as a kind of sanctuary, he can recite poetry to her by the hour together, and supply the desired responses from his imagination. Out of the various dangers which threaten the discovery of his secret and the straits to which he is driven in avoiding them the author has constructed a succession of ludicrous scenes which are calculated to keep a reader in excellent humour for the hour or so which their reading occupies. To attempt any detailed account of the story would be to spoil it; but one scene may be quoted as a specimen of the author's humour. After the death of Kerroch's first wife it appears desirable to Plumel, an old friend of his, and to his daughter, that an ancient project for converting Mlle. Plumel into Mme. Kerroch should be carried out. A great deal of fun is made out of the various manoeuvres by which the inconsolable widower's attention is gradually diverted from the past to the present; and the climax is reached when he is gradually led on to descend upon all the faults of his lately adored wife. The confidences between him and Plumel on the subject of their married life are handled with an admirable skill:—

— "Que voulez-vous, je n'avais pas eu de jeunesse : j'ai fait un mariage absurde, disait-il un soir à son ami Plumel, dans un moment de franchise.

— Cela a toujours été mon impression, mon cher Kerroch.

— Je vous dis cela à vous, parce que vous êtes homme à comprendre de semblables confidences. Eh bien, . . . — il approcha sa bouche de l'oreille de Plumel, — franchement, Céline n'était pas la femme que j'aurais dû épouser. C'est entre nous, au moins, ce que je vous confie là !

— Cela va sans dire, parbleu ! D'ailleurs, soit dit sans vouloir vous blesser, mon bon ami, je l'ai toujours portée sur mes épaules, cette pauvre Mme. Kerroch ! Je vous l'avoue carrément. Eh ! eh, c'est ma manière. Si vous voulez un homme qui ne vous dise pas la vérité, ne venez pas me trouver. Cette femme-là était insupportable.

— Elle avait cependant des qualités bien rares, mon cher Plumel, bien rares par le temps qui court ; des qualités . . . uniques ; mais . . .

— Une femme bouffie d'orgueil ! un brouillon, un brandon de discorde ; cancanière !

— Elle aimait à causer, je ne vous dis pas ; mais . . .

— Vous ne prétendez pas, j'imagine, qu'elle était douce et bonne ? Je sais ce que c'est que la douceur et la bonté d'une femme.

— Je ne dis pas qu'elle eût ces qualités-là, mais je vous en prie, Plumel, jugez-la avec indulgence. Si ce n'est pas par respect pour sa mémoire, que ce soit pour moi ; je l'ai tant aimée ! Vous avez eu deux anges à votre foyer, mon cher ami, et le bonheur rend sévère.

— Deux anges ! Si vous entendez par là que Mme. Plumel était l'un des deux, vous êtes furieusement dans l'erreur, mon cher garçon. Mme. Plumel avait des moments qui n'étaient pas drôles.

The poetical Kerroch's subsequent ravings about Rosalie Plumel, who is a remarkably ugly, hard, practical woman of past thirty, are delicious:—

Ce qui est merveilleux en elle, c'est qu'on ne la comprend pas. Et cependant, on la devine : mystérieuse et charmante comme ces matinées

d'automne où le soleil, à peine visible, brille à travers la triple voile du brouillard. . . . Rosalie est une femme supérieure, voilà la vérité ; et tout naturellement elle n'a pas les qualités vulgaires qui attirent les yeux de la foule. Sur cent hommes, il y en a quatre-vingt-dix-neuf qui passeraient à côté de cette femme-là sans détourner la tête ; ils ne la devineraient pas.

The strain in which *Les Étangs* is cast is as tender as that of *Une Femme Génante* is gay. The writer, assuming the personality of a young man descended on his father's side from the manufacturing classes, on his mother's from the aristocrats who suffered under the Terror, succeeds in arresting the reader's attention during the course of his volume by nothing more exciting than an old story of love and danger which he pieces together bit by bit out of a set of his family papers which he discovers. It is a common experience that the introduction of letters in the course of a narrative is tiresome, and it is no small tribute to M. Droz's skill that the charm of freshness and nature in the letters of Claire d'Hanelay to René d'Ouquenay, which gradually unfold the story of their love and its end, carries the reader on without a suspicion of weariness. The author has an uncommon faculty for communicating his own sense of what is picturesque and graceful to his readers ; it would be difficult to surpass in tender prettiness the imaginary pictures of Claire and her surroundings, which the supposed writer of the book conjures up from the letters which he disinters. From much that is good we may quote a passage out of one letter written in playful irony by Claire to René, who has just been fired with revolutionary ideas:—

"Porter le flambeau de la vérité dans l'autre obscur des vieilles croyances, dis-tu ; mais, mon petit René, pourquoi ces vieilles croyances sont-elles dans cet autre obscur ? Je me figure une espèce de cave humide, n'est-ce pas ? Qui les a mises dans ce vilain endroit, et dans quel but ? Enfin elles sont là, ces vieilles croyances, à ce que tu assures, et vous allez descendre dans cette cave avec le flambeau de la vérité. Que pensez-vous faire ensuite ? Parle-moi sans détour. Mettre le feu à ces vieilles croyances ? Vous serez enfumés comme des jambons, et ton parrain justement, qui est un gros homme et respire péniblement, va se trouver dans une situation terrible. Ah ! voilà certes une jolie besogne ; tu vas roussir tes bas, tacher des habits, souiller ton linge. . . . Décidément, chevalier, rendez-moi mes manchettes.

"Tu ajoutes plus loin que la raison veut être émanicipée, que l'homme gémît sous le poids des superstitions. . . . Par ces superstitions tu entends les vieilles croyances ? Mais puisqu'il est entendu qu'elles sont enterrées dans l'autre obscur, comment peuvent-elles peser aussi lourdement sur l'humanité ? Serait-ce par hasard que l'humanité a été enfouie sous les vieilles croyances ? Dans ce cas, la situation est épouvantable, et il n'y a pas à hésiter ; il faut, coûte que coûte, déterrer l'humanité, mais ce n'est plus un flambeau qui vous est nécessaire, c'est une pioche.

"Chevalier, chevalier, rendez-moi mes manchettes."

Les Étangs will recommend itself more to some people than the other of M. Droz's last productions. *Une Femme Génante*, although there is no grave offence in it, contains passages here and there which might appear to strict English ideas what a French writer was pleased the other day to call "schkocking."

GENERAL LYSONS ON INFANTRY PIQUETS.*

AMONG the first persons out of Prussia who were fully informed as to the marvellous power displayed by the needle-gun during its short use against the Baden insurgents in 1849 was our own great Duke, who, though not then active in official life, had yet an overmastering authority as to all things military. It is matter of notoriety that on various occasions, even to those of his former comrades whom he most respected, and who were deeply anxious to get him to contemplate the certainty of change in small arms, he replied sharply that the Brown Bess which had done so well in the Peninsula was good enough to serve the British soldier still. Those who repeated this saying, mourning anxiously over it, forgot to allow for the effect of extreme age on one not naturally of a very accommodating character. Plainly, a growing shortness of memory must have caused him on these occasions to ignore the value which he himself had once attached to the services of the riflemen of the King's German Legion, just as it is said to have made him condemn the firing of shells from cannon as a needless innovation in modern warfare, forgetful how largely his own gunners had used them. Such mistakes, however, were too slight and colloquial, or too carefully kept secret at the time by those who surrounded the old hero, to affect the public estimation of his infallibility on professional matters, well founded as this had been in the instinctive national perception of the genius of the man who, out of the chaos shot ashore at Lisbon, and of raw Continental allies, framed the victorious army that "could go anywhere and do anything." This belief of our veteran commander in the perfection of the arms with which he had won might, however, under certain contingencies have been a national misfortune for us ; and indeed it is well known that it needed strenuous exertions on Lord Hardinge's part to get the Minié put, even for experimental purposes, into the hands of our soldiers ; and this not very long before we drifted into the war that gave us an Inkerman to struggle through, and saved us from ruin by superiority of weapons even more than by any other aids.

All this, however, is not surprising as concerns the lifetime of the Duke. Nor is the excessive confidence placed in him in those years, and through him in Peninsular models, a matter for sharp criticism nowadays, though it may be interesting as a biographical study. But what is more astonishing, and not by any means so excusable, is that there still exists in our army a

* *Infantry Piquets*. By Major-General D. Lysons. London : Mitchell & Co. 1875.

powerful element, comprising here and there one of its most intelligent officers, with whom it is an article of faith that the British service should not learn anything new from the outside, but go on self-contained and self-sufficient, living as it were from hand to mouth in all details, concerned chiefly with the trouble of getting Parliament to vote a certain number of men to be paid for as long a period of continuous service as it is possible to exact, and to spend it in parade-ground exercises. And if a regulation needs revising, or a piece of elementary drill re-modelling, to suit the fine weapon which our soldiers have happily managed to get into their hands, recourse must be had to the Peninsular model and no other. Crauford, the Light Division, the heights of Albuera, and the banks of the Coa, are the pet words in their mouths when reform is suggested. Just so the military pedants of Brunswick's day swaggered over deeds done by their fathers and uncles under Frederick, and boldly discounted the inevitable success of the Prussian line so glorious at Leuthen and Rossbach when tried against the new French column. Just so certain colonels of Zouaves, or of very light and loose Chasseurs, were recounting a little more than five years ago the deeds of these warriors in the Italian war, and promising themselves a new Montebello and a greater Solferino when their nimble battalions should close with the heavy Landwehr infantry on the other side of the Rhine.

If this haughty military spirit always went before a fall, as it did with them, we surely should have reason for very serious uneasiness just now in England. For Prussia at the height of her pride, France in her most foolish Chauvinism, was not more dangerously reckless of the military changes going on about them than have the partisans of the good old Peninsular standard of military excellence been of late among ourselves. Reaction against excess and hurry in reform has become for a time a powerful sentiment throughout the nation, and it is not to be expected that the army, a national institution in a very real and vital sense, should escape its influence. It cannot, as we have before pointed out, be a mere catering to supposed prejudices in high quarters that causes pamphlets to be published and read in the military world which propose deliberately to go back fifty or sixty years in order to teach British soldiers what the tactics of their own age should be. It is a genuine effect of the stream of reaction on certain minds, conscious of evils that want remedying, gaps to be filled up, mistakes to be corrected, and yet unwilling to identify themselves with aught that savours of progress for progress' sake. Thus we have had a well-known military writer of late telling his comrades that the power of the defensive has been vastly increased by the use of the breechloader, and that this increase of its power must be on the British soldier's side; both of which are as unsafe assertions to attempt to erect into general principles as it is possible for any modern soldier to utter. Thus, too, we find in the preface to the little work before us—a work fresh from the pen of a very able staff officer and excellent tactician—a fallacy as astounding as sophist ever put in words, deliberately laid down as the author's guide for himself and his readers. "Late wars," says General Lysons, "from the shortness of their duration, and on account of the ascendancy so soon gained by one army over the other, have afforded but little fresh instruction respecting outpost duties. The experiences of the Peninsular War, in which two armies fairly matched were continually moving in close proximity to each other for several years, still afford the best examples for our guidance." As though the Prussians ever had more completely the upper hand over Austrians or French than Wellington had over Joseph's or Soult's troops in the last part of that war; or as though, indeed, there were any proof that even the Frenchmen of 1810 were at bottom different beings in mind and physique from the Frenchmen of 1870.

With this sort of theory set before him, General Lysons cannot but go wrong. Not but that he is too practical and sensible a soldier to fill all his pamphlet with nonsense. On the contrary, where he treats of the details of the duty of infantry pickets, the special service for which he is writing, his hints are often valuable; and his statements are clear, and his deductions sound, provided he is not dealing with large principles. Where he attempts to lay down these, however, he begins on a thoroughly false foundation, and the results, however painstaking, cannot be trustworthy.

His main error, to go straight to the point, is in the endeavour to upset all recent experience on the chief head in the matter of outpost duty, the use of reserves, and to revert to Peninsular rules. His general reason for doing this has been already quoted. It is fair, however, to state in his own words his whole argument against the use of strong reserves to the outposts of a force—

The advantage of large supports and reserves to pickets is, moreover very doubtful; for, if attacked, they would offer powerful resistance to the enemy, and force him to bring up a considerable portion of his army to drive them in. To withdraw a large body of men thus compromised would be a matter of great difficulty, and might oblige a general to leave the position he had selected and prepared, and fight on ground far less favourable, in order to save his outposts—which case has, indeed, occurred. Even should the outposts make good their retreat, the arrival of so large a force beaten back by the enemy at the commencement of an engagement, would tend to discourage the rest.

This extract is from General Lysons's preface, and its best and simplest refutation may be found in a few lines of the very first page that follows, where the author tells us truly that the object of pickets is "that soldiers may enjoy repose in the assurance they will not be taken by surprise." Now soldiers, if in any great

numbers, require a considerable time to get out of their bivouacs into fighting order, as every practical soldier knows. It is just for the purpose of enabling them to gain this time, and to allow the outpost line to do what General Lysons himself says (p. 30) is its duty, "to fall back leisurely, and in good order, when attacked," that modern generals give it substantial reserves. To conclude that every commander who does this would be induced on that account to rush forward with his whole force and support his retiring outposts, so as to fight away from his chosen position, because some one did this somewhere in the late war, is to frame a general rule out of an individual mistake; an error in common sense which the author, if not riding a hobby, would be most unlikely to commit.

The hobby in question is to have the reserve small (for it is—p. 29—called incidentally the reserve), and to give it the old name of "inlying pickets," in homage to Peninsular tradition. It seems that the officers "employed in the Peninsular War appreciated the advantage of reserves, but learned by practical experience the difficulty of providing them; they consequently substituted 'inlying pickets.'" Historically, we fear, it will be found that they did nothing of the sort. They simply took the practice they found in our army, which in all such matters copied the Prussian more closely than any army in Europe is copying it now; and they applied it as well as they could to their practical wants. There was absolutely nothing original in their ideas on these matters. What is worth copying from their school is the pains which they took in order to adapt a stiff and heavy system, drawn up for Silesian and Saxon plains, to the exigencies of a rough mountain frontier war; not their drill, nor the principles on which any part of this, including the outpost service, was founded; for it might better be studied in the original German as drawn up and worked out for Potsdam parades half a century before. Our author, however, though not forgetting that his hobby of the inlying pickets is, after all, only a reserve under another name, prudently omits in his instructions for it (pp. 29, 30) any advice as to what it is to do in case of a general attack on the line of outlying pickets in front, probably feeling that, as it is so weak, the latter will get on just as well without its aid as with it. It is to be hoped that he may be spared long enough both to devise and put in practice something more serviceable than this idea. We shall have some one proposing next to restore the Peninsular system complete by hiring some German hussars to do the cavalry outpost work to which our own horse of those days were hardly equal, if Picton's well-known saying, "We can sleep to-night, the King's Legion Hussars are in front," be as well founded as is generally believed.

Apart from its incorrect thesis, General Lysons's pamphlet is well worth studying, as before observed, for its attention to details. There are many shrewd, short directions in it which a young officer going on picket duty under any general system, right or wrong, would be the better for laying to heart. The author, in fact, has spared no pains on this part of his subject, and has evidently thought over it carefully, as well as studied it by various lights, old and new, down to the recently published essay of Colonel Hamley. In this sense it is useful enough; and perhaps it may be for such ends, as well as with a view to the freer criticism of it by practical trial, that it bears on its title-page the "provisional" approval of the War Office. That this dubious sanction means more than an experimental use, we do not believe. For to rehearse deliberately the tactics of our grandfathers might be a proper exercise for troops if peace were their only prospect; but armies, in our days at any rate, are instruments meant first of all for war. War is an art that declines to stand still to please any one's fancy for tradition, however honourable that tradition may be.

ANDERSSON'S NOTES OF TRAVEL IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

NOTES of Travel in South Africa is in some degree a misnomer. It is true that we have copious extracts from the author's travelling journals, but the book is rather the account of an adventurous trader's residence in Damaraland, interspersed with his acute observations on local sport and zoology. This is the second posthumous volume by Charles Anderson that has been brought out under Mr. Lloyd's editorship, and although we have a great regard for the veteran author of *Scandinavian Field Sports*, we cannot say that he seems to bring to his task much more than a name that is highly respected. Mr. Lloyd's personal sporting experiences lay in very different latitudes from those of Southern Africa. He knows more of the habits of hibernating bears and skulking lynxes, than of those of elephants, giraffes, and koodoos. So he has modestly confined himself very much to the work of selection from Anderson's papers, and, except in questions of ornithology, when he does favour us with a foot-note it is rather interrogatory than critical or explanatory. Thus *à propos* of a memorandum in Anderson's journal, "Picked up a good many shells this morning, but they seem to me only one or two kinds," Mr. Lloyd asks, "What sort of shells does Anderson speak of both here and elsewhere? Can they be the cowrie shells which serve as coin in parts of Africa?" We should say that the internal evidence of the text sufficiently refutes this innocent suggestion. We may be sure that Anderson knew cowrie shells when he saw them, and would never have noted

* *Notes of Travel in South Africa.* By Charles John Anderson, Author of "Lake Ngami," &c. Edited by L. Lloyd, Author of "Field Sports in the North of Europe." London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

them as unfamiliar species; but we can only conclude that his editor's knowledge of African conchology is limited to acquaintance with the popular fact that cowries pass current among certain tribes. This book, however, is a decided improvement on its predecessor, the "Lion and the Elephant," being much less of a compilation from the writings of other people. Nor can we see any reason for Mr. Lloyd's apologizing for its comparative dearth of stirring adventures by flood and field. No doubt it is not a chronicle of perpetual shooting and exploration, as when Andersson went elephant-hunting in the forest and bush, or pushed his researches to the shores of lakes in the interior. But there is enough of excitement in it, in all conscience. We see the hero settling himself among hostile nations, forced, as he believed, to throw himself into their blood feuds in self-defence, and taking the direction of their barbarous armies. Unlike most of his aboriginal neighbours, he had a heavy stake in the pacification and permanent prosperity of the country. His wealth, as he gathered it, was invested in the flocks and herds he received in exchange for the goods from his trading stores, while unfriendly tribes commanded the only land communications by which he could drive his cattle to the Cape markets. So that in the romance of his trading life we find him constantly face to face with poverty, death, and sudden destruction, and in the end his thrilling adventures culminate in his absolute ruin and a lingering death. Andersson no doubt was a very remarkable man, with many valuable and admirable qualities, yet somehow, in reading his autobiographical narrative, he does not win on our personal regard. Of his cool courage and unflinching determination there can be no question. He lived and traded where he had to carry his life in his hand; when he saw his path lie straight before him he never let himself be daunted by odds or danger, and when he died at last of a complication of distressing maladies he had been pushing bravely forward into unknown regions instead of beating a prudent retreat. When he was stripped of all his substance at a blow he bore up doggedly and courageously, thinking how he could best retrieve his fortunes. But, forso brave a man, he expatiates at extraordinary length on his own exploits, anxieties, and sensations. His dealings with the fierce and treacherous savages who surrounded him were often necessarily rough and ready, and might very well carry with them their own apology, without the somewhat unctuous commentary on motives and feelings with which he is much in the habit of accompanying them. In short, we are disagreeably surprised with just a tinge of cant and a dash of subtle special pleading, the last things we should expect to find in the unvarnished personal narrative of a daring African adventurer. But, when all is said, the book is most interesting reading, and the notes on the zoology of Damaraland are especially to be recommended to the naturalist.

The present volume, as we have said, introduces us to Mr. Andersson in his new capacity of trader. The operation by which he bought the property of the Woolwich Bay Mining Company was decidedly speculative. In the first place, he knew that Jonker Africander, the most powerful Hottentot chief in the neighbourhood, considered he had claims on the Company's estate; in the second, a great part of his new purchase consisted of oxen, and the lung disease was prevalent in the district. To say nothing of his health being extremely bad, it was evident enough that he must have troubles in plenty before him, while ultimate profit seemed highly problematical. In fact, in his first differences with the natives we must own that they had a good deal to say for themselves on his own showing. To turn his surplus stock into money, he had to drive it southwards through Namaqualand to the Cape from his settlement in Damaraland. But, as cattle disease was raging in Damaraland, the Namaquas very naturally protested against granting a right of way to herds coming from the tainted country. As Mr. Andersson, however, must have money, he had to carry out his intention, and in an early stage of his southward journey he shot a chief who insulted and assaulted him. The chief doubtless was a ruffian, the deed was probably done in self-defence, and the white man subsequently arranged matters with the slain Hottentot's superior; but not the less did the unfortunate affair complicate matters in the territories of those troublesome tribes which Andersson must traverse periodically. Soon the country was in open war; Andersson found himself involved with the Damaras among whom he lived, and took the field at the head of a body of these barbarous neighbours of his, numbering no less than three thousand men. It may be imagined that this mixed multitude was neither efficiently equipped nor very formidable from its *morale*; the most that could be said was that it was little, if at all, inferior to the enemy. The remarkable feature in the strategy was that two big opposing bodies played at hide and seek with each other. The Damaras levies lay concealed during the day, sending scouts out in search of the enemy, who had also carefully hidden themselves. At last the Namaquas' fortress was found. It was a mountain with a variety of passes leading into its rugged recesses, where any number of sheep and cattle might be sheltered; and having its sides strewn with loose rocks, which could cover any number of sharpshooters. So formidable a natural stronghold might very easily have been held against far more dashing troops than the Damaras, but we presume the greater cowards were the first to give way, and the Hottentots, fancying themselves surrounded, bolted in a panic. It was here that Andersson received the wound that crippled him for life. He was knocked over by a volley of balls, and lay with a shattered leg, under a scorching sun and a heavy fire, from which his Damaras followers did nothing to save him. Perhaps, if he had had the good fortune to escape unhurt, he

might have improved his victory and established his position as a trader. As it was, he was struck down helpless, and his only European friend who might have replaced him remained closely watching his sick bed. The Hottentots rallied with slight numerical loss, while the Damaras devoured the cattle they had captured, feasting with savage waste and gluttony.

As for Andersson, after a tedious and very partial recovery, in which he endured sufferings almost intolerable, he made his way to Cape Town, lamed for life. But, as he had lost the last of his property in Damaraland, he found himself obliged to do something for a living, and the question was, what? It showed the indomitable tenacity of the man that he decided to go back to the country that had proved so fatal to him, although he started this time crippled and an invalid, and had to trade on borrowed capital. As might have been expected, since he had failed before, he was scarcely like to succeed now. His account of the country, given, immediately after his return to it, in a letter to one of the Cape journals, is far from breathing much confidence. He remarks that, if it had been of greater intrinsic value, the English Government might have been tempted to send a Commission there, implying that it was not worth their attention. As for the scenery which he travelled through on his road thither, "it might vie with the Great Sahara in sterility and dreariness." He found things as unsettled, politically, as might have been expected. The Namaquas and Damaras were as bitterly at feud as ever, although they had confined themselves latterly to offensive demonstrations, and both were plundering the white hunters and traders whenever they saw their way to a surprise. Soon Andersson suffered personally. A chief who was considerably in his debt opened a fresh item in the account in Hottentot fashion by sweeping off a quantity of valuable produce that had been sent down for shipment to Woolwich Bay. After such a warning as to the drawbacks on effecting a safe shipment, and knowing that the overland communication with the Cape had become more precarious than ever, Andersson resolved to seek an outlet for his goods to the northward. After many delays he started for Ondonga, whose chief was said to be well disposed to the whites, and which had lately been made a rallying-point by the elephant-hunters. Moreover, blending business with adventure, it was his wish to push his way to the Portuguese colonies, investigating the districts that lay between. As to the sorrows that awaited him, his editor may well remark rather quaintly, that it is to be hoped the contents of the journals "will prove acceptable, not only to the naturalist and the sportsman, but also to the future traveller in Ondonga and Damaraland, as showing the manifold difficulties he will probably have to encounter, and the risks he will run from the insalubrity of the climate." Thenceforward the "Notes" are for the most part the dreary record of a hopeless struggle with sickness and hardships, and the jealousy and cupidity of cunning savages. It was not only the enfeebled European who suffered severely from the detestable climate. His native followers sickened and were prostrated one after another, until at last he would have had to help himself as best he could had it not been that a single attached servant still retained strength sufficient to wait upon him. He struggled on to the river which forms the frontier of the Portuguese territory, supporting existence on coarse and scanty food and dosing himself with unsuitable medicines. Ill as he was, he took his observations and wrote his journals to the last, besides keeping order among unruly attendants and asserting himself with faithless and bullying chiefs. But native craft and treachery were too much for him. He was not permitted to cross the frontier stream; he had to turn back when actually on its banks, and he died on the homeward journey after terrible sufferings. His wife had the account of his dying moments from the devoted servant who laid him in his grave. In short, his was the old African story, and his end the melancholy counterpart of that of Livingstone and many another explorer.

DRavidian GRAMMAR.*

THIS is a second and much enlarged edition of a work published nineteen years ago. A new edition has long been required, but the author tells us that his duties in India have up till now prevented him from complying with the demand. The work originally attracted a good deal of attention among philologists, and encountered some hostile criticism. Some of this arose no doubt, as the author contends, from a misapprehension of his views, but the alterations and improvements in the present issue attest the justice and accuracy of some of the censures. Dr. Caldwell was the first to enter upon this field of research; that he should make mistakes and occasionally push a theory too far was almost inevitable; but he rendered good service to the cause of philology by drawing attention to an important class of languages, and by bringing together the materials necessary for the formation of a judgment upon them.

The term Dravidian is formed from the word *Dravida*, the Sanskrit name for the country on the east coast and the extreme south of the peninsula of India. There are ten, perhaps twelve, languages, which fall under the term Dravidian; as the affiliation of two tongues used by some wild tribes in Chota Nagpoo and

* *A Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian, or South-Indian Family of Languages.* By the Rev. Robert Caldwell, D.D., LL.D., Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Edeyengoddy, Tinnevely, Southern India. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Trübner & Co.

Rajmahal is not yet definitively settled. Some Dravidian affinities are also claimed for the Brahui, a language spoken at Kelat, in Beluchistan. Of the ten undisputed Dravidian languages four are cultivated, the Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, and Malayalam; a fifth, the Tulu, has claim to some little culture; the rest are used by uncivilized races, and the most important of them is the Gondi, which is spoken by more than a million and a half of people. The two leading languages are the Tamil and Telugu, formerly called by Europeans the Malabar and the Gentoo. Tamil is spoken by fourteen millions and a half of people, Telugu by about a million more; but the Tamil is in every other respect the most important; it is the most cultivated, and has the best literature; it is the most copious in words, and has the greatest variety of grammatical forms. So it is the basis on which the *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages* has been raised up. Dr. Caldwell says in his preface:—

It has been my chief object throughout the work to promote a more systematic and scientific study of the Dravidian languages themselves—for their own sake, irrespective of theories respecting their relationship to other languages—by means of a careful inter-comparison of their grammars. Whilst I have never ceased to regard this as my chief object, I have at the same time considered it desirable to notice, as opportunity occurred, such principles, forms, and roots as appeared to bear any affinity to those of any other language or family of languages, in the hope of contributing thereby to the solution of the question of their ultimate relationship. That question has never yet been scientifically solved. It has not got beyond the region of theories more or less plausible. My own theory is that the Dravidian languages occupy a position of their own between the languages of the Indo-European family and those of the Turanian or Scythian group—not quite a midway position, but one considerably nearer the latter than the former.

Students of the Dravidian languages are limited in number, so that, whatever the value of this work as a practical grammar, we may leave its merits to be tested by those who will so use it. As a comparative grammar it appeals to a much larger class, and it will be welcomed by philologists as a valuable contribution to a rapidly advancing science. Exception has been taken to the use of the term "Scythian," and it must be admitted that it is used somewhat exceptionally, but it answers the purpose. It is as appropriate as the alternative word "Turanian," and is certainly preferable to the terms "Tartar," "Finnish," "Altaic," and "Mongolian," which have all been used with the same application. It is quite time that philologists had come to an understanding as to the name to be used for the "agglutinative" class of languages. The term "agglutinative" is a definition, not a name, and does not match with the other two accepted names, "Semitic" and "Indo-European." An appropriate and generally acceptable term has not been found for these languages; but, if one cannot be discovered, it is better to have some arbitrary and settled name than a variety of optional terms. "Scythian" was the term used by Rask, one of the earliest philologists, and it secured the acceptance of the late Edwin Norris, who used it in his Memoir on the "Median" version of the cuneiform inscription of Behistun. So the term has good sponsors; but the name "Turanian" has been more generally used, and it would be well if it were universally accepted. It is not distinctly accurate, but it is better fitted than "Scythian" to receive a new and arbitrary meaning, because it is nearly colourless, and is less likely to convey an erroneous impression.

Dr. Caldwell's statement of the affinity of the Dravidian languages is rather halting. They hold, he says, a position between the Turanian and the Indo-European, but nearer the former than the latter. The hybrid nature thus apparently attributed to them is contrary to the recognized law of language, and is inadmissible. Some points of similarity or even of identity may be found in all varieties of language, and the points of approach are nearer and more numerous between some languages than others. But Dr. Caldwell has arrived at a much more definite and decided opinion than that which he himself lays down. He seems to have hesitated in giving full expression to his own judgment, but his arguments and illustrations all tend to the conclusion that the Dravidian languages belong to the Turanian or agglutinative family. He finds in them some few Semitic analogies, and many more "primitive underived Indo-Europeanisms." Such independent similarities do not affect the classification of languages; that matter has to be decided by general structure not by exceptional resemblances. It remains to be discovered whether such resemblances are natural or accidental. A more advanced stage of science may perhaps find in them the means of tracing the three great classes of languages to one primeval tongue; but we must be content at present with our system of classification. Dr. Caldwell's affiliation of the Dravidian to the Turanian family of tongues has been accepted by Professor Max Müller and by many others; but it is fair to say that it has been disputed, and upon the strength of their few Indo-European analogies an Indo-European origin has been claimed for them. The Aryan languages of India have long existed side by side with the Dravidian, and a nice and interesting question arises as to the effect they have had upon each other. In the matter of words, the Dravidian languages have absorbed vast numbers from Sanskrit, and there is ground for supposing that Sanskrit, when it was a living tongue, appropriated to itself some words from the languages of its neighbours, as Latin is known to have adopted Celtic words. There are words in Sanskrit which seem to have no congeners in the Indo-European languages, but are identical or parallel with words in the Dravidian tongues. Then as to the characters in which the various Sanskrit and Dravidian tongues are written. Greatly as the letters of the Sanskrit and of the Dravidian lan-

guages now differ, it is admitted that they all sprang from one original. The old Sanskrit or Pali forms used in the edicts of Asoka are the primary models, and the Aryan origin of them was until lately never questioned. But this alphabet, and all the Sanskrit alphabets, have the so-called cerebral *t* and *d*, letters which are found in the Dravidian languages, but in no old language allied with Sanskrit. How did Sanskrit get these letters which none of its sisters possess? It has been argued that these letters were borrowed from the Dravidian languages, and a more sweeping hypothesis maintains that, not these letters only, but the whole alphabet sprang from a Dravidian source. Dr. Caldwell reasonably hesitates to accept this view, though admitting that Sanskrit has apparently felt the influence of its Southern neighbours.

Dr. Caldwell gives us thirteen "prominent and essential differences in point of grammatical structure between the Dravidian languages and Sanskrit." Some of these we shall notice, but not in the order in which they are presented to us:—

The Dravidian Dative *ku*, *ki*, *ge*, bears no analogy to any Sanskrit form, but corresponds with Oriental Turkish . . . and several languages of the Finnish family. . . . The existence of two pronouns of the first person plural, one of which includes, the other excludes, the party addressed, is a peculiarity of the Dravidian dialects, as of many of the Scythian languages. . . . The existence of a negative, as well as of an affirmative, voice in the verbal system of these languages, constitutes another essential point of difference between them and Sanskrit; it equally constitutes a point of agreement between them and the Scythian tongues. . . . It is a marked peculiarity of these languages, as of the Mongolian and the Manchu, and of a modified degree of many other Scythian languages, that they make use of relative participles instead of relative pronouns. There is no trace of the existence of any relative pronoun in any Dravidian language except the Gondi, which uses the relative pronoun of the Hindi.

These, it may be admitted, are distinct points of difference from the Aryan languages; but some of the other "essential differences" which Dr. Caldwell adduces are partial and less distinct. First among these comes the declension of the noun. This certainly has marked peculiarities, but it is not essentially different from the languages of Northern India, nor are the peculiarities insisted on by Dr. Caldwell entirely unknown to European tongues. His argument is a strong one, but it is not so perfect as he deems it. Another point insisted on is, that there is a great absence of gender in the Dravidian tongues; it is found only in the third person of the pronoun and the verb. This is held to be one of the "essential differences," and it certainly shows a difference from Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, German, &c., but it is in conformity with our own language. Modern Persian goes even further, and rejects gender altogether. Another point is that in Sanskrit and the Indo-European tongues adjectives are declined and agree with their substantives, while in Dravidian, as in the Scythian, they are incapable of declension. Here again English and Persian differ from the majority of Indo-European tongues, and resemble the Dravidian. A great point of Dr. Caldwell's is, that when "prepositions are used in the Indo-European languages, the Dravidian, with those of the Scythian, use post-positions instead." But the same is the practice of Hindustani and the North Indian languages, which are now generally acknowledged to belong to the Indo-European division. Sanskrit makes great use of prepositions, but as inseparable prefixes. It has only two which are separable and govern substantives. These two, when used separately, invariably follow the nouns they govern. So far as this goes the usage of Sanskrit is in accord with, not in opposition to, the Dravidian tongues. Another mark of difference which Dr. Caldwell lays down is even less distinctive. He says:—"The Dravidian languages, like the Scythian, but unlike the Indo-European, prefer the use of continuative participles to conjunctions." There is no doubt about the usage of the Dravidian tongues, and we should have thought there could hardly have been much less doubt about the usage of many Indo-European languages being the same. The Sanskrit participles in *tva* and *ya* are continuative participles used instead of conjunctions. The languages of North India have them and use them as freely as they are used in the languages of the South. Russian has such a participle. Latin had not a distinct participle of the kind, but its present and past participles were often used in this way. Modern Persian does the same with its past participle; and the construction is such a useful one, that the languages of modern Europe have developed modes of expressing it, though they have no distinct forms: "Having spoken," "ayant parlé," "avendo parlato," are compound continuative participles, and are common enough. They are not used to the entire exclusion of conjunctions, neither are the continuative participles of the Dravidian languages. These latter tongues certainly show a great preference for this form of expression, and employ it much more frequently than do the languages of Europe, but this usage at best makes a very weak line of partition. There is more or less force in all the propositions to which exception has been taken; they are all worthy of careful consideration, and must have their influence in a final judgment; but they have been stated somewhat too broadly, and have been made too sweeping. These "essential differences" are summings-up of the distinctive peculiarities of the Dravidian languages, and so present themselves in a convenient form for criticism. It is unnecessary to enter into details about them; suffice it to say that the deductions are the results of a careful consideration of the grammatical forms of the Dravidian and Turanian languages. The author enters very minutely into every part of speech, and his comparisons of the different Dravidian tongues makes many things intelligible in them which might have remained incomprehensible if dealt

with independently. The work thus answers his primary design of promoting "a more systematic and scientific study" of these languages, while it is also an interesting and important contribution to philological science.

The book is, according to its title, a grammar, and the main part of it is occupied with grammatical matters, but it contains a good deal of important matter besides. There is an introduction of more than a hundred and fifty pages upon the origin, history, and literature of the Dravidian races, which has an interest of its own quite independent of philological questions, and throws a flood of light upon the early history and condition of the south of India. Tamil literature, especially the early portion of it, is well worthy of attention, and contains a few remarkable works. Dr. Caldwell makes a very fair and candid estimate of their antiquity and their literary merits; he also gives some specimens, especially of certain passages in which he thinks that the early influence of Christianity is discoverable. In the appendix there are several important notes which are chiefly devoted to ethnological questions concerning the affinities and physical types of the Dravidian races; and there is an interesting final chapter on their ancient religion, in which the demonolatry prevalent among them both in India and Ceylon receives careful consideration.

WORKSOP, THE DUKERY, AND SHERWOOD FOREST.*

OF all the forest scenery of England, there is none more interesting, even in its days of clearance and cultivation, than Sherwood Forest. And the most convenient centre from which to explore it is the quaint old town of Worksop, famous as far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth for its growth of liquorice, a staple which it has now exchanged for the malt and flour trades. It is also a considerable depot of hard and soft timber for railway purposes and for the Sheffield trade, and does a great business in Windsor chairs; and that its townsmen are not without enterprise is proved by the fact that the volume before us is the result of the research and diligence of a local bookseller. Mr. White found that existing books on the subject were either too cumbersome or too superficial; so he set himself to prepare a new one, and, by utilizing past work and the contributions of neighbours, he has compiled a volume which suffices for the tourist's guidance and merits a place in the topographer's library. The conditions of the task do not allow of much wandering into the fields of romance; but we may perhaps whet the appetite of readers for a survey, first of Mr. White's pages, and then of the country they describe, by reminding them that between Mansfield and Worksop, to the east of the main road, they may not only inspect at Clipston the ruins of "King John's Palace," and, about a mile further on, the Parliament Oak, where the growing bark has encased and protects the fourth part of the shell of a tree under which Edward I. held a council of war after hearing of a revolt in Wales, but may also visit the pretty forest church and village of Edwinstowe, where, according to the author of *Maid Marian* (and Peacock was pretty exact in his topography), Friar Tuck and Little John redressed Allan-a-Dale's grievance against the old knight who was going to wed his betrothed, whilst Robin Hood made the knight and the Bishop of Nottingham dance to his harping, and Will Scarlet quickened their movements, when not up to time, with an arrow-point. In the adjacent forest of Birkland (so called from its wonderful growth of the birch or "lady of the wood") is an oak-tree, still known as "Robin Hood's Larder," capable of holding a dozen people within its hollow trunk. It is sometimes called the "Shambles" or the "Slaughter-Tree," and the iron hooks and staples are said to have been for hanging stolen mutton. The ill-fated Mary of Scotland was visited, while under the custody of Lord Shrewsbury, at Worksop Manor, but was not permitted, as appears from the Talbot Papers, to walk in Sherwood Forest. James I. included Worksop and Sherwood in more than one Royal progress, and it would seem that Charles I. also was partial to this neighbourhood. In a progress to Scotland in 1633, he rested at Welbeck, then a seat of the Cavendishes, where the masque of *Love's Welcome*, by Ben Jonson, was performed for his entertainment.

That which will make the volume very acceptable to strangers to the district is the full and clear insight it affords to the so-called "Dukery." The outsider is apt to regard this topographical "noun of multitude" with a feeling akin to awe; and truly the grouping of parks and palaces, and the aristocratic halo shed around the district, is calculated to enhance the feeling, though it must be remembered that ducal ownership is not assured against change, and that, of the component parks of the "Dukery," Worksop is merged in the same ownership as Clumber; Thoresby has passed from the extinct Dukes of Kingston to their descendant in the female line, Earl Manvers; and in the Dukes of Portland and Newcastle, as represented in Welbeck and Clumber, the well-known assemblage of duke-owned demesnes is reduced to a dual number. Worksop Manor House and Park are approached direct from Park Street to the west of the town, and there are many indications of its former grandeur. A part of it, now called Sandhill Place, appears in Harrison's survey (A.D. 1636) as Standhill Place, and this is supposed to have represented the out-look, or grand stand, from which the ladies watched the hunting. At that date there were eight hundred

fallow deer in the park, and Evelyn mentions its gigantic oaks. On the north-west of the park is a wood known as the Menagerie (so called, it would seem, by a misnomer from the Duchess Mary of Norfolk having an aviary here), but specially notable for its acacias, cedars, yews, and tulip-trees; and the whole park is rich in conifers, cedars, and beeches, one of which last, blown down ten years ago, near the west corner of the house, covered one thousand square yards, and contained more than forty tons of timber. On purchasing this estate from the Duke of Norfolk in 1840 the Duke of Newcastle undertook the partial restoration of the old mansion, which was fabulously large, and had suffered a disastrous fire in 1761. He also added extensive and well-arranged gardens to the north of the house, but Worksop has been occupied till recently by Lord Foley as tenant, and must be regarded as secondary to Clumber in the esteem of its owners.

In the parish of Worksop, towards the west, and skirted by the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, is a hamlet of ancient and modern interest, which, like Worksop Manor, has passed to the Dukes of Newcastle, and which, from a group of trees once marking the junction of the counties of Derby, Notts, and Yorkshire, is called *Shireoaks*. From having been the park and residence of the Hewitts from the time of Charles I., and subsiding by degrees into farm lands and a farmhouse, Shireoaks emerged again from its decadence owing to the discovery of the "Top-Hard-Coal" within its boundary by the late Duke of Newcastle, in 1859, a discovery so important and valuable (as proving the existence of a large coal-field under the Permian measures), that a medal was awarded for it to the Duke at the Exhibition of 1862. The village has of course grown vastly in population, and the collieries have been leased or sold; but the model-houses and beautiful church provided for the colliers by the Duke's forethought are a more lasting memorial of the philanthropic statesman than the more costly and elaborate undertakings of his neighbours. Of these the nearest is the owner of Welbeck, whose boundless improvements of his splendid demesne it might well have puzzled the author of this volume to chronicle, much more any observer with less local knowledge and opportunities. The Abbey of Premonstratensian or White Canons was dissolved by Henry VIII., and, having been granted by him to Richard Whalley and his heirs, came by marriage to Sir Charles Cavendish, whose son became eventually Duke of Newcastle, and after an eventful career and an active maintenance of the Royal cause in the campaigns of Charles I. against his Parliament, left two memorials behind him in his *Treatise on Horsemanship*, the MS. of which is still in the Welbeck Library, and the "Riding House," which, though turned to far other uses, is still one of the wonders of Welbeck. This Duke's great granddaughter, Henrietta, married Edward, the Second Earl of Oxford, who founded the Harleian Library, and completed the famous collection of miniatures known to connoisseurs as the "Portland." By her marriage with William, Second Duke of Portland, in 1734, Welbeck Abbey and other estates came into the Portland family, and so from sire to son, to the present and fifth Duke. Scant vestiges remain of the old Abbey; but the present Duke's taste for building and planning is such that renovation is constantly going on. The fine old Riding-house is transformed into a picture gallery, 182 feet long by 40 wide and 50 high. Its roof is of corrugated copper, it is lit by 2,000 gas-lights, and rendered brilliant by a profusion of cut-glass mouldings and of silvered plate-glass. Under this gallery are enormous cellars; and on one side of them a kitchen with every conceivable appliance, even to a railway underground to transport the dinners to the dining-room. Other schemes which are in progress of realization are a subterranean church and library, while a subterranean roadway through the park and under the lake has already been made. It is lit from above with polished plate-glass skylights and intermediate gas-burners for night transit, and at its terminus are the stables, timber-yards, and new riding-house, said to be the largest in the kingdom. The distance from the Abbey is a mile and a half. Amidst this vast outlay it may perhaps be doubted whether the dwellers about the Dukery will altogether appreciate the "Duke's usual thoughtfulness" in placing "a drinking-fountain under the subterranean roadway to take the place of the Welbeck ale which was formerly at the command of every wayfarer who chose to call at the Abbey" (p. 146). Unless this drinking-fountain runs ale, we can fancy that many wayfarers would prefer "stare super vias antiquas." In the park, which is nine or ten miles in circumference, are some fine old trees. The Pinetum at Carburton contains thriving deodars, grown from seed sent over to England by Lord William Bentinck; and Mexican and Himalayan firs luxuriate in the pleasure grounds. For forest scenery, however, the park of Thoresby outvies Welbeck, and indeed it would be hard to find its equal in sylvan grandeur and beauty. It includes an area of thirteen miles, is abundantly stocked with deer, and is further embellished by an extensive lake, which is fed by the river Meden. The mansion and gardens are in keeping with the park, except that the buildings are modern Elizabethan; the trees are coeval with the oldest oaks of Bilhaugh and Birkland, to the north of which it is situate. Still more to the north, and nearer Worksop on the south-east, is Clumber Park, with its ducal mansion to the north of an artificial lake, with which it is connected by a terrace and two flights of steps. This lake occupies eighty-seven acres of the four thousand which compose the park; delightful walks skirt its margin, and two fine vessels, the *Salamanca* and the *Lincoln*, float on its waters. Clumber House lacks height in the judgment of architectural critics, but its southern front is very imposing;

* *Worksop, the Dukery, and Sherwood Forest*. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Worksop: Robert White. 1875.

and the interior is said to combine the essentials of comfort and splendour. Among the pictures are several famous Lelys, Vandykes, Rubens, and Gainsboroughs; and a colossal statue of Napoleon in pure statuary marble, copied by Franzoni from the original by Claudet, has a history of its own.

It seems more natural to the tourist in the Sherwood district to take note of trees than of paintings, and so we bid him look out for the cedars of Lebanon, yews, Canadian pines, and silver firs which diversify Clumber. And in the same spirit we pass over genealogies. The Priory of Augustine canons at Worksop, founded by William de Lovetot, the Norman church of Steetley, beautiful in its decay, the Cistercian Abbey of Roche, and the scant ruins of Rufford, a daughter and colony of Rievaulx, might invite us to tarry amidst associations in which the neighbourhood of Sherwood Forest is singularly rich. But the greenwood is still stronger in its appeal to English tastes. It appears that the oaks of Sherwood cover some fifteen hundred acres of the centre of the county, and that one can learn the longevity of some by the stamped letters on their bodies, dating back as far as King John. In 1609 there were 49,000 trees in Birkland and Bilhaugh; in a hundred years later the number had been reduced by well nigh one-half. At the beginning of last century 3,000 acres were enclosed to form a park, which, at the general disafforestation of the district, became Clumber Park. Seventy years ago Birkland and Bilhaugh passed to the then Duke of Portland, in exchange for the advowson of St. Mary-le-bone; and Birkland has since been exchanged with Earl Manvers for two other manors. Disafforestation was no doubt brought about by damage done by the deer to the crops which attended improved and extended agriculture, and by the cessation of commensurate profit to the Crown. And so, instead of the pains and penalties once attendant on hunting or grazing cattle in Sherwood without a royal charter, the chief hint of keepers, rural police, and suchlike functionaries in Mr. White's pages is given in p. 244, where he says that through the romantic and beautiful village of Clipston meanders one of the best trout-streams in England, "in which, however, no man may fish unless he wishes to be caught." Among the most famous trees of the Forest and the Dukery several giants belong to Welbeck; the Porter Oaks, e.g. which measure 100 ft. and 90 ft. in height, and 38 and 34 in girth. The "Seven Sisters" was an oak thus called from so many trunks issuing and growing perpendicularly from one root, the girth of which is 30 ft. The "Duke's Walkingstick" was unrivalled for height and straightness, and it bids fair to be matched in time by a Young Walking-Stick, which at 129 years' growth stands 100 feet high and 70 feet to the branches. The Greendale Oak, which counts seven or eight centuries of life at the least, and now depends greatly on planking and propping, spreads its green boughs, even in decrepitude, over a diameter of 45 feet. In Birkland the "Major" Oak is most remarkable. It is near one of the paths from Budley to Edwinstowe, and at four feet from the ground has a girth of 29 feet; Simon the Forester, a companion of the Major, girthing 22 feet. The Major's canopy covers 240 feet, the height at which its branches commence is 30 feet, and it has a recess 7 feet in diameter and 15 in height.

As might be expected in such a district, there is a wide field for the naturalist, and the publisher deserves the highest credit for having enlisted for his zoological, entomological, and botanical chapters the aid of such writers as Mr. Sterland (whose *Birds of Sherwood Forest* we noticed some years ago), Mr. Brameld, and the late John Bohler. The geology of the neighbourhood is especially interesting. The flora is also, as might be expected, rich in lichens and fungi; and if Field Clubs did not restrict themselves to a day's march from home, we fancy Sherwood would be frequently visited. Mr. White's volume, which is well printed and illustrated (and in which the worst slip is printing *seriflora* for *sessiliflora*) is a serviceable pocket-companion.

JOHN HOLDSWORTH.*

JILTED was a novel pitched in a very different key from that in which *John Holdsworth* is written. Fun and humour reigned in the former; gloom, sorrow, pathos, and horror are the prevailing tone of the latter. The agony indeed is almost too much piled up in the present work; and though we are thankful that things come right at the last, we cannot but regret that we have to pass through so long a spell of discomfort before we are allowed to see our principal companions safely landed in a fair haven, with, it is to be presumed, a long life of happiness before them. Nor does it make things any better that every now and then we fall upon bits of humour something after the manner of the author's former novel. On the contrary, these come upon us more with a sense of incongruity than of lightness, and we feel jarred rather than amused. One does not like these startling contrasts. Would the introduction of the bones and banjo in a grave overture be admirable as a suggestion of mirth? or would a circus clown, tumbling in the midst of a tragedy, make us less sorrowful for the woes of the heroine?

There are three leading incidents in this book—a shipwreck, with all its attendant horrors; the consequent total loss of memory for four years of the chief actor, John Holdsworth; and his return to his own home after that time, so changed by suffering and privation as to be unrecognizable by his nearest and dearest, when he suddenly recovers his memory by the revival of old associations,

and finds his wife married to another man. In this last circumstance we have an echo of *Enoch Arden*, through the sacrifice of self by which John leaves his wife to the sorry peace which she has won, while he bears his burden in silence, solacing himself with the child born to him in his absence, and whose love he wins by his apparently unaccountable kindness. Perhaps his conduct in leaving Dolly to the questionable care of her second husband, the drunken dentist Conway—a man whom she confessedly had married merely to save herself and her child from starvation (a somewhat untenable plea), and whose dissolute habits are fast reducing her to a state nearly as bad as that from which she had escaped—may be more than open to doubt and discussion. He knows well enough in his innermost soul that Dolly loves him still, and that she does not love the man who stands as her present husband; he himself loves her as fondly as ever; Conway is in all respects unworthy of her; and the return of the lawful husband, with the readjustment of the old relations and the destruction of the new, would have been but a nine days' wonder at the most. Yet he makes no sign. Dolly does not recognize him:—

Not five years—not twenty years—not a lifetime, maybe, of ordinary sufferings could have so transformed his face but that her love could have pierced the mask.

But the unnatural misery of those ten days in the open boat—the hunger that had wasted, the agonizing thirst that had twisted his face out of all likeness to what it had been, the growth of beard and moustache that hid the lower part of the countenance, the gray hair, the bare forehead, the deformed eyebrows, the rugged indent between the brows, the stooped form!—

Here was a transformation that would have defied a mother's instincts—that would have offered an impenetrable front to perception barbed into keenness by the profoundest love that ever warmed the heart.

But a word, a look, a secret sign would have lifted the veil that clouds her consciousness, and would have reduced to clearness and delight the vague trouble that beset her at the first interview. She does not love the man whom she has married, and she does love passionately the memory of him who, after all, is her only lawful husband, and whose silence connives at the sin of which she is unwittingly guilty. She would have been overjoyed had he revealed himself and taken her back from despair to happiness, from the ceaseless sorrow of a hopeless mourning to the blessedness of a reunited love. Instead of this, he only hires lodgings opposite to the house where she lives; coaxes his little daughter to be his playmate, and makes her radiant with toys and cakes; while he sees his adored Dolly wasted, shabby, ill at ease, miserable, pining under the weight of the penury and degradation brought on her by the drunken dentist, and from false delicacy, false self-sacrifice, lets things take their own course, and does nothing to make the wrong right. Fortunately, however, the knot is cut in the good old way of an opportune death; and Conway is drowned in a drunken fit, just as he has brought everything to ruin. Whereupon, the obstacle removed, Holdsworth reveals himself to his wife, and the curtain drops on their return to Australia "with generous friends to welcome them to their new home, and listen with interest and tenderness to their strange story of bitter separation and sweet and sacred reunion." Such is the plot of *John Holdsworth*, which, it will thus be seen, depends for its interest on scenes and situations, rather than on character.

The beginning of the voyage of the ill-fated *Meteor* takes up a great deal of the first volume. It is admirably well done, with a freshness and naturalness that look like direct description, as if the author had gone through in his own person the experiences of which he writes; or it may be that he has only read up very carefully for his facts, and then vivified them by his imagination into a semblance of reality. The freshening wind which gradually increases to a gale, and the behaviour of the good ship *Meteor* till the terrible moment when she is "taken aback" with all sails set, the wreck, the putting off of the boats, the fearful miseries which the shipwrecked castaways undergo, the deaths that follow one on the other—all this is spiritedly, if painfully, done; and one or two expressions seem, as we have said, to point to personal experience, though inartistic notes, giving authority for such and such statements, somewhat mar the spontaneous lifelikeness which else would have been so strong, and point to careful study rather than to personal knowledge as the source of inspiration. The following passages will show what we mean by the look of personal experience:—

What pen shall describe the overwhelming sense of the immensity of the sea, now that its surface could be touched by the hand—its huge presence so close! That sense alone was a weight that oppressed the hearts of the passengers like death. The height of a large ship from the edge of the water implanted a habit of security; but here, they overhung the deep by an arm's length, and near enough to see their own pale faces mirrored in the green abyss from which they were separated by planks not much stouter than the sole of a boot.

And again:—

Now, if at no other time, was the sense of the profound helplessness of their position forced upon them. It is easy to write and read of an open boat far out in the Atlantic Ocean, and darkness around; but none save those who have experienced the situation can realize all the horror of it. Waves which would scarcely more than ripple against the sides of a ship, make a dangerous sea for an open boat, and arch their seething heads over her with a threat in every one of them of destruction.

But the overpowering sensation is the near presence of the sea. Your feet are below its surface; your head but an arm's length above it. And you hear the quick splash of the boat's bows as she jumps awkwardly into the hollows of the waves, wobbling as she goes forward with jerks and many stoppages, while now and again the sea chucks a handful of spray into your eyes as an earnest of the way it means to deal with you presently, when the wind has made it more angry.

* *John Holdsworth: Chief Mate. A Story, in Three Vols. By the Author of "Jilted."* London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

Very vividly put, too, are the various disappointments of the poor shipwrecked men when now they sight a ship which runs past them in the gloom, and now row almost close to a large brigantine which is abandoned, burning. Again they meet in the night with a large ship which passes them for the want of a light that would have enabled them to show her their whereabouts; after which Holdsworth begins to give way, though this is only the fourth day and he lives in the boat to the tenth. Perhaps the monotonous horror of all these days—occupying in the narrative one hundred and sixty-seven pages, from the time when the men first take to the boats to that when Holdsworth is picked up by the *Jessie Maxwell*—is a little overdone. The division into days, apportioning to each its own share of tragedy and terror, is an artistic method, its apparent realism giving the narrative increased force; but we think the details too much spun out, and we hold that greater intensity of interest would have been gained by compression, all the essential circumstances remaining as they are, but told more briefly and with fewer conversations and unimportant details. If, however, the author wished to give the impression of tragic monotony, he has succeeded to the utmost. Only there is always the danger of the reader becoming fatigued and surfeited, and of his interest weakening under the ceaseless strain. The several deaths that happen are well varied. First the poor actor goes mad with terror on the second day and leaps into the sea; on the third the white-haired old general, receiving his final shock from the sight of the burning ship, yields to his fate, bows his head, and dies; on the fourth one of the seamen, Winyard, gets mad-drunk with rum, and falls overboard; on the fifth the widow is found dead at the bottom of the boat; on the sixth her little boy dies; and now only Holdsworth and Johnson, another seaman, are left, the latter wanting to keep the child's body for food, but Holdsworth with his last remaining strength heaving it into the sea. On the seventh Holdsworth drinks his own blood; after which there is a blank, till, on the tenth, the drifting boat bearing one dead man and one almost dead is picked up by the *Jessie Maxwell*, and Holdsworth is nursed back to life again, though not to memory or manhood. For—and this is the point of the book—he has now forgotten everything; his own name, Dolly, his profession of a sailor, where he came from, the wreck, every fact of the past. His mind is like a sheet of blank paper, and “he remembered nothing—literally nothing.” “His actual life,” the author goes on to say, “as he was then living it, practically dated from the moment of the return of his consciousness. All that had gone before was pitch darkness.” “But that the faculty of memory was not dead was proved by his capacity to remember his thoughts and feelings, the offices and faces of those who waited on him, the food he had eaten, the names of those he conversed with, during the time he had been in the cabin of the barque.” This state of things lasts over four years, during which time he is in Australia under the name of Hampden; but when he afterwards comes to England, the process of mental reconstruction slowly begins. At Margate he is “breathless with the shock of an undelimited sensation,” but nothing comes of it; by an accident he hears the name of Hanwiche, a little village where he had once spent some time with his young wife Dolly; and this sets him on the track of that something, formerly known, which ever escapes him as he tries to seize it. In going to Hanwiche he has to pass through Southbourne, where he had lived with Dolly in the brief months of their happy marriage; and when he gets to the place and sees the old house, memory suddenly re-awakens, and he knows all the past which he has been more than four years fighting, praying, struggling to attain. It is a curious psychological problem which the author has set himself to illustrate, but he fortifies himself with the account of one William Stephens, a century ago, whose loss of memory lasted for two years, and who, on its recovery, found his wife married to a cobbler; but, unlike the fictitious hero of the present tale, Stephens threatened the cobbler's life “if he did not restore him his *Nancy*”—which he did, to the satisfaction of all concerned. We imagine that most men would have acted like William Stephens rather than like John Holdsworth. Nevertheless the history of his life and sufferings is both interesting and original, and is told without bombast or affectation. Without applauding the conception, either on moral or artistic grounds, we recognize undoubted merits in the execution.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the many hackneyed proverbs and quotations which American writers, like a certain class of English ones, are wont to cite at second hand, we do not remember to have ever met with that which warns second-rate writers and diligent book-makers that “a big book is a great nuisance.” There are few truths which seem to have made so little way as this in a country where not a few of the best-established results of European experience are still regarded as unsettled points, or even as startling paradoxes. One would think that there could be none more obvious to the literary men of a nation which steals nine-tenths of its literature from abroad, and gives, probably, less time and diligence, after the short period of school and college education is once passed, to solid reading and careful study than any other civilized people. There is, no doubt, an unusually large reading class in America; but there are probably fewer real students than in any European population of half the number, outside of Russia and Turkey, and there is scarcely any demand for works of the highest class. Indeed, with a few signal exceptions, such as the histories of

Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley, the value of American books is apt to bear an inverse proportion to their size. We do not speak, of course, of those “books that are no books” produced by the joint efforts of the scientific chiefs of exploring expeditions, by the heads of public departments whose main duty is inquiry and compilation, or by the lifelong labour of specialists—books meant, not for reading, but for reference; we mean such as record the personal experiences, investigations, or speculations of authors who aspire to be widely and attentively read. Of that very numerous class of books which the most lenient critic who has any consideration for the reading public must advise them to let alone we could hardly select a more perfect and characteristic specimen than Dr. Nahum Capen's “History of Democracy.” We have before us as yet only the first volume, consisting of more than six hundred and sixty large and closely printed octavo pages; and we have seldom seen a more reckless or more audacious specimen of mere book-making. The work contains a good deal of valuable matter, but not a single line of this belongs to the author; it is for the most part taken from books accessible to all and familiar to the majority of those who would venture to open so weighty a treatise as that before us, and is totally devoid of intelligent arrangement, of order, of proportion, of connected purpose, or relevancy to the subject in hand. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the history of England in the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth century, and to that of the American colonies during the same period; this is compiled from well-known works, mixed up with reflections by the writer, which for the most part only serve to display his own ignorance and incapacity. The rest of the volume consists of the author's speculations and dogmas, which are more amusing than the historic passages, inasmuch as there is no restraint on an imagination which is naturally extravagant without being in any way original, and on a vein of philosophizing which never rises above the most even level of commonplace, or deviates for a single page into the range of common sense. The author seriously vindicates by what he mistakes for reasoning that daring paradox, “Vox populi vox Dei,” which no one, not even its author, ever before supposed to be a truth, and believes in the right divine of the majority with as blind a faith as any Nonjuror ever felt in the divine right of Kings. His knowledge of the history of parties, to which he devotes considerable space, is on a par with his views of political science; he describes the Whigs as the “democratic” party of England, and seriously quotes as a fair historical account of the views of the Tories the party squibs of Whig pamphleteers and satirists, from Addison to *Punch*. Big as the book is, all of it that is in the least original might be put into a very few pages; froth and nonsense, political mysticism, and metaphysical politics, follies that would be laughable if they were not so dull, fill up the remainder of the unborrowed portion of the book, and swell it out to the size of a ponderous volume. Glance over the headings of the pages and you marvel at the width of the author's range; peruse the work of his pen, omitting that of his scissors, and the only marvel that remains is the practised skill which has beaten out so small a quantity of metal, and that of the basest quality, to cover so large a space.

Mr. J. Ralston Skinner † revives, in a dull and technical treatise which has the form and semblance without the reality of exact science, the theory which derives the art of measurement, and indeed the measures of modern nations, from the Egyptian Pyramid and the Hebrew Tabernacle, and mixes up with this mystery, in itself sufficiently bewildering, a certain Mr. Parker's attempt at the quadrature of the circle, the absurdity of which is a little more obvious than usual. Circle squarers may be roughly divided into those who at once expose their ignorance by assuming that they can convert the circumference of a circle into the outline of a square, and those who, having a vague idea that this involves either an evasion or a begging of the question, complicate and perplex their blunder by more elaborate but less palpable nonsense. Mr. Skinner's friend belongs to the former and simpler class of bunglers, and states his case moreover so plainly and categorically that a schoolboy might point out the errors which have escaped Mr. Skinner's eye.

The *American Educational Cyclopædia* ‡ is somewhat misnamed, but is a most interesting and useful book. It is meant evidently to be an annual publication; and while it is in no sense an encyclopædia, as it contains no catalogue of the subjects, books, or methods of American education, it promises to be an excellent year-book of educational legislation in the several States, of their different systems of school organization, of the results and the changes found necessary, of the new foundations—in which American liberality puts to shame every other modern country, and rivals mediæval charity, stimulated as it was by the peculiar theological views then prevailing—and in fact of every detail in the current history of American education which it concerns statesmen and philanthropists, teachers and managers, and others who are in any way interested in the business of public education, to understand. Allowing for the very low standard of American school knowledge, which should be carefully borne in mind when we read the boastful statistics of

* *The History of Democracy or Political Progress*. Nahum Capen, LL.D. Hartford: American Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Key to the Hebrew Egyptian Mystery, in the Source of Measures originating the British Inch and the Ancient Cubit*. By J. Ralston Skinner. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *The American Educational Cyclopædia*. A Reference Book in all matters pertaining to Education. New York: Schermerhorn & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Americans or the admiring eulogies of would-be imitators on this side, there is probably no system of organization, as distinct from instruction, which is likely to afford England more useful lessons than that of the United States; and an annual which promises to keep us constantly informed of its condition, its working, the amount of its machinery, the quantity of work done thereby, and the modifications and experiments made from time to time, will, if judiciously conducted, be specially useful to us, as well as to Americans.

The Reports of the Federal Commissioner of Education * we have noticed before. He has, of course, no jurisdiction over educational institutions within the States; and even the Territories manage their own school affairs in their own way. His principal duty is to watch the working of machinery with which he cannot interfere, and to report for the benefit of all the special experience of each State, as derived from its own official statements, as well as the progress of those foreign countries from which America may have something to learn. The "special articles" in the present Report deal with art instruction, schooling for deaf mutes, and the German industrial schools for girls; all of them containing more or less of novel and useful information, but all unusually brief. The statistical tables enable the reader to compare the educational condition and progress of the different States, and to ascertain particulars which it would be difficult to obtain from any other source.

Mr. Southworth explored the Soudan on behalf of the *New York Herald*†; and, as it would seem, in the interest of the Khedive. He gives in this volume the strongest assurances that the southern conquests of the ruler of Egypt contain an indefinite quantity of fertile land, an industrious population, and an unlimited number of wild beasts; and that when the country has been thoroughly reduced to order, and the slave trade suppressed, the admirable wisdom of Ismail Pasha will, with the help of honest and able Americans, derive from the cultivation of cotton in that quarter an income sufficient to correct whatever trifles may at present be wrong in Egyptian finance, and to multiply indefinitely his own enormous wealth. The Egyptian Government is, it seems, clever enough to appreciate the importance of the press in the countries from which it hopes to obtain loans or political support, and the facility with which the hearts of Special Correspondents may be gained; and it made much of Mr. Southworth, and kept him as much as possible in the company and under the guidance of its officers. It could not, however, prevent his seeing something of the slave trade, and being deeply impressed by its horrible cruelty, which is as much worse than that of Western Africa as the slavery of Egypt is milder than that of Cuba, or than was that of the Southern States. And, while that trade exists, no civilization is possible in the countries whence the slaves are taken.

Mr. Wingate's "Views and Interviews"‡ retaliate upon the journalists of America one of those among their peculiar practices which appear to their English brethren most especially offensive and undignified. Yet we doubt whether many of the eminent writers whose names, connexions, and opinions on the character, objects, and prospects of their profession are here set forth will be more annoyed than their victims have seemed to be, when the result of an "interview" has been set forth at full length and in large type by the inquisitive reporter of some enterprising newspaper. Though the American press, so far as regards the authorship of particular articles, is as anonymous as our own, the names (and a great deal more than the names) of the chief directors of every journal of influence and repute are perfectly well known, not only to the profession but to the public, and the same is the case with their leading Correspondents and assistants. It is probable that scarcely any one of the persons whose ideas of journalism are here set forth was unaware that he was asked to talk in order that he might be reported; and many of the chapters headed by the most familiar names contain either facts of their personal experience and anecdotes of their lives which have already been made known by licensed biographers, or the opinions which they have formally set forth in lectures or essays. The book will have a certain interest for English readers as illustrating, though only indirectly, the great difference between American and English journalism. It is true that there is little direct comparison, or exposition of those peculiarities which are especially characteristic of the Transatlantic press; for Mr. Wingate and most of those whose views he has collected, like Americans in general, know and care very little about any country or customs except their own, and are little disposed to recognize even the most obvious forms of foreign superiority. Still we think that a careful perusal will materially assist the English reader in understanding the vast inferiority, in character and ability, in literary force and moral power, of Transatlantic journals. In the first place, it is certainly not the want of adequate returns for the capital invested that accounts for the inferiority of the New York papers as compared with those of London. The price of the former is four cents—nominally, twopence—and while

their sheets are comparatively small, they have a very large proportion of advertisements. But, in the first place, there is no such thing as a metropolitan or national journal in America. New York is rather to be compared with Liverpool than with London; and the fact that its papers, in most of the Western and Southern towns, and on the steamers and railways, sell not for four, but for ten cents, would in itself suffice to explain the limited nature of their circulation. Each State has its own chief organs; and these fill the place not only of a *Manchester Guardian*, or *Scotsman*, but of a *Standard*, or *Daily News*. Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Louisville in the West, Richmond, Charleston, Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans in the South, are the respective centres of the journalism of their several districts, and only a few copies of New York papers find their way there. We doubt whether any American paper has so extensive a circulation as the leading provincial journals of England. Again, whereas Parliament occupies during its sittings the chief place in the attention, and the larger part of the space, of our newspapers, Congressional debates are scantily reported, and little cared for, outside of Washington, except at some exciting conjunctures. An American journal cannot look much beyond the State in which it is published for its circulation; and consequently an American *Times* is, as Mr. Wingate's friends admit, an impossibility. If particular organs exercise a wider influence, it is through the power of their example over their distant contemporaries, and not directly. Hence it would hardly pay to concentrate much literary talent and political ability on a single newspaper. Every man of proved capacity looks for an editorship as the fitting sphere for the exercise of his powers; and as no paper can afford to employ a large staff of writers, every editor is overworked, and has too little time to think over his own work or to revise other people's. The pay of the best papers is bad; and the highest prices are given for the rapid production and transmission of exciting news or interesting descriptions—for a telling account of a battle, a conflagration, or the sudden change of policy of some important personage. The reporter, not the writer, is the chief personage of the American press; and the "graphic report," with its startling "heads" in small capitals, is the feature chiefly cared for, and the one which governs the tone and style of all newspaper writing. Again, many things that are not tolerated in this country have become so far usual in America as not to ruin the journal—any more than they ruin the statesman—who is suspected of them. A paper may be interested in the operations of a political, municipal, or financial ring; it may allow an inventor, a merchant, or a publisher to advertise his wares in its principal columns under the form of leading articles; and it need hardly lose caste, if the matter is skilfully handled; while the very poor salaries paid to men who could make the fortune of others—500*l.* being a good income, and 1,000*l.* a prize, for the clever and hard-worked writers in influential journals—open so many temptations to the virtue of the press that we are rather surprised that its character stands so well as it does than revolted by occasional instances of professional dishonour. It does not answer to put power into the hands of men who are poor enough to be pressed by daily embarrassments—to give a man a bare living, and make it worth the while of millionaires to purchase him; unless indeed you offer him, as the ultimate reward of an honourable career, prospects adequate to his ambition—such rewards as a Government can give to its servants, but as a journal can rarely or never offer. This evil is, we fear, inseparable from the organization of the American press, and goes far to account for its bitter partisanship and its occasional complicity in transactions more than questionable. But, on the whole, for a profession so ill rewarded and so little under the public eye, it bears a higher character than might have been expected.

A new and complete edition of Dr. Channing's works*, in a single volume, is not unworthy of passing mention. We need hardly say that the great mass of the writings thus collected are theological, or that they and their author are the peculiar delight and pride of English as well as of American Unitarians. We may also note a cheap edition of "Azamat-Batuk's" *Spain and the Spaniards*†, the fruit of his experience as a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*—a work already noticed in this journal.

A ponderous and elaborate *Report on the Hygiene of the United States Army*‡, scattered as it is over thirty degrees of latitude, over mountains, tablelands, valleys, river-bottoms, semi-tropical plains, and semi-Arctic wastes, from the Lakes to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, cannot but be full of material for the student of climatic influences, and of the conditions of health under the most varied circumstances; and the accompanying description of military posts adds considerably to its value.

Allan Pinkerton's two volumes of detective stories§ are clever

* *Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1873*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Four Thousand Miles of African Travel: a Personal Record of a Journey up the Nile, and a Discussion on the Sources of the Nile, and an Examination of the Slave Trade*. By Alvan S. Southworth, Secretary of the American Geographical Society. Map and Illustrations. New York: Baker, Pratt, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Views and Interviews on Journalism*. Edited by Charles F. Wingate (Carlified). New York: Paterson.

* *The Works of William E. Channing, D.D.* New and Complete Edition. Rearranged. Boston: American Unitarian Association. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Spain and the Spaniards*. By N. L. Thiéblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee & Shepard, and Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Report on the Hygiene of the United States Army; with Descriptions of Military Posts*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Claude Melnotte; As a Detective; and other Stories*. By Allan Pinkerton, Author of "The Expressman," &c. Chicago: Keen, Cooke, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

The Expressman and the Detective. By Allan Pinkerton. Chicago: Keen, Cooke, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

and readable. Though somewhat minute and tedious, and far less exciting than the usual adventures of imaginary thief-takers in pursuit of ingenious thieves, who never falter or break down, but always leave some clue by which the Indian instinct of their foe can trace them, they are very much more like reality. One story seems as if it must be true; for not only the detective, but the author, repeatedly misses a splendid opportunity of seizing his prey, and never appears, even when the whole story is unravelled, to perceive the original blunder, which, moreover, is just such as the detective of fiction would never make and the detective of real life would almost certainly commit.

Hoosier Mosaics—fragments of life in Indiana—are equal to the average of story-books owing all their attraction to local colour, a class of which we are beginning to weary.

Poems by Sterne † have considerable poetic taste, grace, and skill, but lack power; they are a little too sentimental, and not marked by any very original characteristic. *Point Lace and Diamonds* ‡ is a little collection of neat, pretty, and telling *vers de société*, always acidulated with a gentle satire, and generally pointed with a delicate sting in the tail; they are by far the best of their kind that we have seen for some time.

Mr. Willard, M.A., thinks the science of butter-making § worth an elaborate treatise, which practical dairy-farmers will hardly study, and which will not, we fear, teach unpractical people to make good butter; and we have from another hand a Map of Utah ||, whose enormous size and minute scale seems to us almost equally disproportionate to practical use, as Utah can never be a particularly attractive field for Gentile emigrants.

* *Hoosier Mosaics*. By Maurice Thompson. New York: Hale & Son. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Poems*. By Stuart Sterne. New York: Patterson. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Point Lace and Diamonds*. Poems. By G. A. Baker. Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. New York: Patterson. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Practical Butter Book; Treatise on Butter-making at Factories and Farm Dairies, &c.* By X. A. Willard, M.A., Author of "Practical Dairy Husbandry," &c. New York: Rural Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *Froiseth's New and Revised Map of Utah*. London: Trübner & Co.

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